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Country Life and Country Pursuits

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OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

SELDOM has a more interesting return been presented to the House of Commons than that made by the Board of Trade on "Our Food Supplies (Imported)." It contains nothing except columns of figures, yet these are of singular fascination to those who can read them aright. The return shows annually for each year since 1870, in a summarised form, the imported quantities of (1) wheatmeal and flour, (2) meat, including animals for food, (3) sugar retained for home consumption, and also the countries from which these food supplies were derived. We need scarcely say that the tale unfolded by these figures is to a great extent the economic history of England during the last thirty years. They point to a vast change that has taken place in our trade, our dietary, and our habits. But it would be more interesting to take the articles separately than to deal with them in generalities. Let us begin with wheat. In the year 1870 we obtained very nearly as much from Russia as we did from the United States, and Germany, Roumania, and Turkey were contributory sources. From British India we obtained only 8,600cwt. During the last thirty years this modest importation has grown steadily. It has actually multiplied itself by a thousand, the 8,600cwt. of 1870 having become 8,841,586cwt. in 1902. In Australia we have had a development of trade which, if not quite so startling, is still very extraordinary. We were importing only 12,802cwt. of wheat in 1870, and in 1901 this had risen to 5,437,700cwt.

From British North America we imported 238,361cwt. in 1870, and in 1902 9,527,475cwt. The import from the United States, which is the largest of all, was last year four times as much as it was thirty years ago. These are the growing imports, and they tell a wonderful tale if one stops to consider what an increase of ploughing and sowing and harvesting and shipping they mean in the various countries. But, on the other hand, if we look at the decreasing imports, we obtain a peculiar vision of agricultural depression in Europe during the last quarter of a century. Denmark used to do quite a considerable trade, sending from 300,000cwt. to 500,000cwt. annually. Last year this had diminished to 17cwt., or what amounts in practice to nothing. Denmark sends us butter and eggs now instead of wheat. In 1872 we got 2,340,227cwt. of wheat from Egypt. Last year this had shrunk to 18cwt. The figures from Russia, Germany, France, and Austria-Hungary all tell the same tale, which is that the United States and the Colonies have ousted them from the privilege of supplying Great Britain with wheat.

The story of flour is one with the same moral, that is, it shows a great growth in the United States and the Colonies, and an equally notable falling away in the countries of Europe. The trade in United States wheat has increased from 2,148,251cwt. in 1870 to 15,587,217cwt. in 1902. We need not here go into the other figures, as they convey exactly the same lesson. The Board of Trade works it out that our importation of wheat and flour has grown from 36,906,115cwt. in 1870 to 107,927,701cwt. in 1902. This has been accompanied by an increase of, roughly speaking, 7,000,000cwt. of barley in 1870 to 25,000,000cwt. in 1902. Oats have increased from 10,000,000cwt. to 15,000,000cwt. One moral to be drawn from these figures is that the people of these islands must, to use a slang phrase, do themselves much better now than they did thirty years ago. This is borne out and emphasised by figures relating to meat, the growth in which bears no relation whatever to the growth in population. For example, we imported only half a million hundred-weights of bacon in 1870, and we imported ten times as much in 1902. Here Denmark, which showed a falling off in regard to wheat, discovers a great increase, 27,000cwt. in 1870 having risen to 1,255,000cwt. in 1902. But naturally the most remarkable change occurs in the United States, whence we got 300,000cwt. in 1870, as compared with 3,000,000cwt. in 1902. Of ham we used to import only 30,000cwt. in 1870, but this had risen to 1,500,000cwt. in 1902. Still more strange is the history of imported mutton. From 1870 to 1881 it was included with "Meat unenumerated, salted or fresh," and as late as 1882 the trade with the Argentine was trivial, but last year it came to 1,352,000cwt. From New Zealand it has grown in the same period from 5,000cwt. to 1,600,000cwt. Instead of buying from abroad a total of 189,847cwt., as we did in 1882, we in 1902 purchased 3,659,000cwt. of fresh mutton. Accompanying this change has been a corresponding rise in the quantity of imported fresh beef, it having risen from 12,000cwt. in 1870 to 3,707,000cwt. in 1902. All this would go to show that our people have eaten much more bread and much more beef in these later years than they were doing thirty years ago. At the same time, they have got into the habit of consuming much larger quantities of poultry and game, including rabbits. The total value of our imports of this kind amounted in 1870 to £158,482; by 1885 this had risen to £655,397. After that the returns were changed, and subdivided into "Poultry or game (alive or dead), and rabbits (dead)."

Now to take poultry first, the total value of the importation in 1886 was £351,888, and in 1902 it had risen to £1,059,044. It is extremely instructive to note whence this increase has come. Russia is well to the front, so is Belgium and the United States. The importation from Norway and from Denmark has decreased, while that from Holland and France has remained almost stationary. Since 1886 the playful rabbit has come here in more than four times his original numbers, the importation having increased from 104,322cwt. in 1886 to 451,457cwt. in 1902, Australia and New Zealand being jointly responsible for the increase. We need not go further into the details of the return, which, by the by, is incomplete viewed as an authoritative statement of our food supply, though it may have served the original purpose for which it was meant. It takes no account of eggs or dairy products, of fruit or vegetables, and all these have to be taken into account before we obtain a clear idea of the extent to which we have become dependent upon foreign countries for our food supply. But enough has been given to show the extraordinary extent to which the average Briton has improved his manner of living during the last quarter of a century.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Juliet Duff, the daughter of the late Earl of Lonsdale, who, on Tuesday last, was married to Mr. R. G. Duff, 2nd Life Guards, the eldest son of Mr. and the late Hon. Mrs. Charles Duff.



IF Mr. Pepys had been alive, no doubt he would have gone to the playhouse on Monday night and made a pleasant entry in his Diary to the effect that His Majesty King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra and a host of other notabilities met to witness the production of a new play by that eminent poet, Mr. Alfred Austin, who, as is widely known, was held in great esteem by an eminent statesman now deceased. The subject of this play was "Flodden Field," concerning which one or two writers of the past have given us several things that by some curious combination of accidents have managed to survive the lapse of time. There is a song written by somebody who was not a Poet Laureate called "The Flowers of the Forest are a' wed away." There is also a poem called "Marmion," written by one Walter Scott, who, as gossip hath it, was offered the post now adorned by the occupancy of Mr. Alfred Austin, but was advised by his patron, the Duke of Buccleugh, not to accept the offer, as, were he to hold a mere Court office, it would damage his reputation as a poet. But the people at the playhouse on Monday night were on charity bent, and it appears that Alfred Austin in his tale of Flodden Field pleased them passing well.

Attention was directed last week to the love and esteem in which Lord Salisbury is held by the spasm of anxiety felt by the country when the first news of his illness was announced. There is no statesman who made fewer enemies during the stormy times in which he held office than Lord Salisbury. Even Mr. Gladstone, against whom the keenest shafts of his wit were directed, fully recognised the personal charm and amiability of the man as distinct from the politician, and the two were excellent private friends. We need not say how much the followers of Lord Salisbury love him, and the news that he has emerged from any danger there may have been will give universal satisfaction.

From some correspondence published in a contemporary it would seem that there are those who consider our ordinary methods of expressing approval or disapproval at a house of entertainment to be barbarous and deserving to become obsolete. No doubt some such feeling is general. On Sunday, watching the King, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales going to St. Paul's, it was observable that very little cheering took place, but nearly every man on the route expressed his homage and sympathy by lifting his hat—a salute, we need not say, courteously returned by the Royal personages. This must have been much more comfortable than to pass between two lines of shouting subjects. The Rev. T. Varney of Canning Town has proposed an adaptation of this principle. He thinks that audiences at theatres, concert-rooms, and public meetings might very well express their applause by waving handkerchiefs silently. No doubt this is all very modern and very decorous, but the savage that exists in each of us forms a considerable obstacle to the suggestion being carried out in practice.

People may remember that last December, or thereabouts, a snatch of "comic relief" was added to the sombre succession of Parliamentary papers and Blue Books which continue to make their appearance year in and year out. The wrangles between the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Principal Housemaid of the House of Lords on the one side, and the Treasury and the Office of Works on the other side, were all solemnly collated and published, and the result, it must be owned, read very much like the plot of a Gilbert and Sullivan piece. The compassion of the Lord Great Chamberlain for the Principal Housemaid's want of furniture, the good woman's long and honourable career in her arduous and responsible post, the hard-hearted action of the Treasury in insisting on her "sleeping out" and declining to allow the cost of her furniture, and, above all, the brutal conduct of the Office of Works in swooping off with every "stick" that a good kind Chamberlain had put in for the Principal Housemaid's use—are they not written in the Parliamentary paper?

All this, and much that is not worth recording, smacks of the Savoy in the most ludicrous manner. And the triumph of the good

kind Chamberlain and the injured Housemaid in the sequel is quite in accordance with what has gone before. The former has fought the matter out with the stony-hearted Treasury—perhaps he did not use such convincing arguments as Mr. Gilbert's Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe" might have employed—and a Parliamentary paper published this week proclaims his victory in an entry which shows that a sum of £85 odd has been paid to Tottenham Court Road "for furniture supplied for rooms of Principal Housemaid," and charged to the "account of the fee fund of the House of Lords." It is very satisfactory to know that this momentous matter is settled at last.

WHERE ROSES DREAM.

Where roses dream, and river breezes blow—
Red roses that I planted and saw grow
In that old river garden, hid from view—
I'll walk, in fancy, there to wait for you,
What hour the western heavens burn and glow.

Not here amid the worn world's empty show,
The season's martyrs flocking to and fro,
Not here I'll stray, but in the twilight blue,
Where roses dream.

And if you come not, if you should not know
That I am weary waiting—be it so!
I shall recall your gracious ways that drew
My heart from out my keeping, and renew
Each thought of you that makes it good to go
Where roses dream.

LILIAN STREET.

During the week an addition has been made to what appears to be the endless Carlyle controversy. Last time it was a friend of Carlyle's that attacked Mrs. Carlyle and Froude, in order to establish the reputation of the Sage himself. Now the friends of Froude come out with the rejoinder, "My Relations with Carlyle," by James Anthony Froude. It is a great pity, and most sensible people will be of opinion that both sides would do well to cease this wordy warfare. Carlyle's fame must ultimately rest on his works, and not on the attack and defence of so many brilliant literary gladiators. Froude's biography, too, will in due time find its own level, and his reputation as an honest or a dishonest biographer will form itself regardless of the petty cavillings or the too useless defences of those engaged in the present argument.

Froude laid down the true principles that ought to guide the writing of the life of a great man when he said: "The usual custom is to begin with the brighter side and leave the faults to be discovered after. It is dishonest, and it does not answer. Of all literary sins, Carlyle detested most a false biography." What good there is in having a veiled and conventionalised figure portrayed we never could imagine. Let us have a man, certainly with all his virtues, but with all his faults and failings also, and then we can recognise an authentic human being. In the best biography ever written in our language, "Bozzy's" Johnson, the figure is undraped, and the thousand and one "lives" that have been composed and then, so to speak, cast into the oven, have had their features conventionalised beyond recognition. They are very like our old-fashioned tombstones and epitaphs.

The "eidophone" is a scholarly and pleasant name for a new instrument. It was invented by Mrs. Watts Hughes, who, some years ago, discovered that voices had figures, and she showed some to Professor Tyndall, who was much interested therein. The "eidophone" consists of a tube, a receiver, and a flexible membrane. Mrs. Watts Hughes sings into it, and finds that each note has a constant and definite shape as revealed through a sensitive medium. The shapes of the notes are described by those who have seen them as being very beautiful, and consist of stars, spirals, snakes, and so forth. The other night Mrs. Watts Hughes gave a lecture, with demonstrations of her new discovery, and no doubt more will be heard of it anon. It was believed by our forefathers that the invisible world was peopled with sprites and goblins, but in how many directions has science opened up a greater magic and wizardry, greater because real as well as beautiful.

In a very short time it may be assumed that the whole of the countries of Europe will be on conversable terms, and during breakfast the inhabitants of one country will be able to exchange opinions with the inhabitants of another. We have grown so accustomed to wonders that this probably will fail to excite the admiration that would have been felt forty years ago. Now, however, that Brussels is connected with London by telephone, there seems no particular reason why Russia, Austria, Germany, and the rest of the world should not be also. The line, we believe, is the longest one yet constructed, from the coast of Norfolk to Ostend, being forty-seven and a-half miles. But if a telephone cable can be laid for that distance, there seems no reason why it should not be extended to 100 or even 200 miles.

The Belgian Government are rebuilding their system with a view to international communication, and the example is almost certain to be followed by other nationalities.

In the House of Commons last Monday night, Sir Edward Strachey raised a question of great importance to the general public. It had reference to foreign milk sold in England. He asked if the Customs knew anything about this article, under what conditions it was produced and transported. Obviously this is a very important matter, as most of us are aware that infection of various sorts can be transmitted through milk. Mr. Elliot did not give a very satisfactory answer. He said he did not think it was the duty of the Government, without legislation, to cause to be put over a man's shop a statement as to where he got his goods from. This is in the choicest style of the Downing Street of red tape, and was far from being a good start for Mr. Elliot. One would think that a sensible Government would not need to be adjured from without to see that the milk supply was produced under sanitary conditions.

In our columns at various times reference has been made to a man who forsook civilisation and took refuge in a hut which he built for himself in the wilds of Epping Forest. Such an act as that would seem to argue at a first glance a kind of poetry in the man, as if houses and streets had become unbearable, and he longed to return to primitive ways and primitive instincts. But this is only theory; as a matter of fact, he was a very ordinary, materialistic man, and did not revel in the finer feelings of our nature. Now he is no longer an object of curiosity, for the very commonplace ending of this hermit's career is that he has had to be removed, owing to a very bad attack of bronchitis. A very different case occurred a few weeks ago on the East Coast, where a middle-aged woman set up her tent on a remote part of the coast, and, scarcely known to the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet, lived there for some weeks. But it happens to be a wonderful place for sea-fowl, and they, flying, squawking, and gabbling over her home at night, were mistaken by her for children or demons, so she burnt her hut, set a wooden cross in its place, and departed whither no one knows. This is certainly a more curious case than the other.

SUMMER.

Here summer falls around me deep,
In cool green shades of softest sleep;
The sweet airs faint away, and swoon
In the warm clasp of the glowing noon;
And all is silence—not a sound
To the horizon's azure bound.
And so the perfumed hours pass,
While Time turns down a golden glass,
Whence the enchanted moments run
In colours woven of the sun.
My feet lie bare in the languid stream,
Where the great lilies dream and dream;
And for my head a pleasant shade
Of overarching boughs is made.
The weary world is far away,
Almost, it seems, another day
Upon this Paradise looks down,
Than on the parched unlovely town.
Surely the world was years ago,
And hours immortal round me flow.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

What to do with our idiots and maniacs is a question to which Mr. Rodgers of Muskegon proposes that the Michigan Legislature shall provide a drastic solution. He would have the State set apart a fund for putting such unfortunate persons to death in some painless manner. Fifty years ago the proposal might have been regarded as a bold one; now it appears simply silly. Science is making such strides in its knowledge of the brain and the treatment of mental phenomena, that even the member for Muskegon in the Michigan Legislature ought to perceive that the method of dealing with disease of the mind in the future will be to cure the disease and not to kill the patient. If the State of Michigan should set aside a fund for the electrocution of idiots, Mr. Rodgers might exhibit a lucky glimpse of sanity by making his escape to Europe before they electrocuted him.

A correspondent writes: "It is quite extraordinary how the nightingales seemed to enjoy the thunder-storm of May 30th. The storm raged with extraordinary vehemence, the lightning and thunder being incessant, and some of the claps like cannon reports, over the Kentish border of Sussex for several hours during the night, and all that while, as we sat looking out at the terrific spectacle, sleep being quite out of the question owing to the uproar, the nightingales were in constant chorus, as if trying to drown the noise of the thunder. It was most singular, in the occasional pauses of the din, to hear the outpouring of delicious

bird-music that seemed to imply a perfect confidence that 'God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world,' as Browning has it, although to all human senses it seemed as if pandemonium was unchained."

Sir Herbert Maxwell has deserved well of beasts and fishes and all who love them in many of the enactments that he has been instrumental in passing, but the trout angler of Highland burns and of Devonshire streams will not bless him if his proposed size limit for trout-catching is not made rather more elastic before his Bill at present before Parliament becomes law. There are brave and lusty little fish in these streams that are quite below the limit he would wish to impose as the minimum; and they are no more immature than a four-foot-high Bushman of thirty years old is an immature man. The size limit for trout—and, perhaps, for all fishes—must be a matter of local decision if it is to act fairly. To induce local authorities to act fairly is, we quite admit, no simple matter, but it is at least "another story." The trout that is "immature" on the Test would be a monster in an Exmoor or Dartmoor stream. No general legislation as to size limit could be equitably applied to the two. And this obvious fact must be realised.

The comparatively early rise of the May-fly has shown once again (if there were need of more showing) how little the hatch of aquatic insects depends on the temperature of the air; but, for all that, the fishing has been rather disappointing. Though the May-fly were disposed to early rising, the thunder and the cold winds discouraged them again; and if these did not affect the fly, they seemed to affect the movements of the fish and to put them entirely off the feed. To be sure, the colder the weather the more protracted and spread out is the May-fly rise likely to be, and so it has proved this season; but though fly may rise, fish may not always do so. If they did, the vale of Test or Itchen would not be so sad a vale of tears.

Times have surely undergone a bad change on the Dee in respect to the average size of salmon caught with the rod. We have a report before us of the catch of two anglers on the Invercauld waters during part of the past spring. It is a catch of thirty-four fish, which, as far as its numbers go, is not amiss, perhaps, between two fishers; but the size of the fish is surprising and disappointing. They ranged from 6lb. to 12lb. It shows a wonderful equality of size, and fish of this size give the best of sport and the best of eating; but where are the giants that used to be in the water "in those days"?

The secretary of the Westmeath Lakes Fish Preservation Society, in his eighteenth annual report, which has just been published, says that he believes that the lakes abound with fine trout, but that for some reason or another they do not rise as they used to do. It is hard to say why this is so. Some experienced anglers put it down to the great increase of bottom feed in these lakes, making the fish lazy and apathetic to the most tempting of artificial baits or flies. Others blame the black-headed gulls, which, no doubt, have taken possession of the beautiful Westmeath Lakes of late years to a very unusual extent, and apparently have come to stay, too. These birds destroy enormous quantities of the May, or greendrake fly, and in constantly hovering over the lakes undoubtedly prevent fish rising with the freedom they should. As "dapping" with the natural fly is the sport of the Westmeath Lakes, it can easily be understood what a deterrent effect the aerial manoeuvres of the "blackheads" must have on this form of angling. It is thought that the "greendrake" did not "rise" in anything like the usual quantities this season, and the reason given is that great numbers of the larva were lost in consequence of the disturbance of the lake bottom by the severe storm on the night of February 26th, when immense masses of gravel and shingle were thrown up on the shores by the waves of that memorable night.

To certain unfortunately afflicted persons the inclemencies and caprices of the present early summer have been exceptionally kindly, namely, the unhappy victims of hay-fever. As a rule at this time of year they are sneezing and nose-blowing in perpetual irritation, but under the present dispensation of cold winds and nights that are all but frosty, neither the grasses nor the flowers are throwing off much pollen, and the ultra-sensitive mucous membranes suffer less than their normal torment. It is an ailment for which there is but one cure—the sea. A seaside residence is sufficient if the wind be off the sea, but to be safe in all winds it is necessary to be a mile from shore. Unfortunately to many of its victims such a remedy as this will appear worse than the disease.

BY THE NORTH SEA.

IN this hot and dusty month of June, when the blistering sun makes an oven of the pavement, and gets itself reflected from a million shop windows, there are some still who continue to love best the "soft shady side of Pall Mall." Rank and fashion do indeed go with a lilt down Piccadilly, and perchance the country mouse who sighs furiously for a glimpse of green lane and clear water is the exception. Nature has many admirers, but only a true lover here and there. Yet June, more than all the other months of the year, develops this true-love's hatred of what is towny. The aged serving woman who, having made a first journey to town, was asked how she liked it, replied, "Grand, but"—with uplifted hand—"that Piccadilly, oh that Piccadilly!" expressed more than she thought of. Music hall and theatre, club and concert and dinner party, there are times when one enjoys them and sees how clever and bright is *Le monde ça l'on s'amuse*, but about the longest day how great is the revulsion! *Fifine* and *Roscus* and *My Lady Frivol* are "tolerable and not to be endured" what time the thermometer rises to ninety. No, put them aside, circlers of the circ, loopers of the loop, breakneck hoopers of the hoop, the stage lover and *Belinda* of the drawing-room, and let us be off to a land where cows are milked by a clean-skinned dairymaid, where there are cool mosses deep, where the summer wavelets croon as their tiny white crests curl and fall on the low, wet sands. 'Tis the sea that most attracts us, and at that the sea of nature and antiquity, not the sea of fashion beheld from a luxurious yacht or the window of one of those floating hotels they call a liner. It is the same, perhaps, you argue, the mirror of heaven, the eternally mutable, the eternally changeless. Very likely! the laughing summer waves, the shining blue expanse, the unharvested fields of ocean, the fair white wings are ever what they have been. But about the sea there is a charm of legend and association as well as of form and colour, and the average imagination needs a stimulant. Our young minds were

fed upon a sea not peopled as it is now with black-funnelled steamers and electric launches, but with stately galleons and ships with rustling sails, in which the rower was as necessary as the helmsman. And, if you will have the sea, as it were, natural

and naked, that is, if you want not only health, amusement, or transport, all of which modern vessels will give you, but its primitive poetry as well, then hire a deep-sea fishing-boat and its crew. They are not to be found in these times without much seeking. Wherever fashion has alighted she has changed the hitherto unsophisticated natures and lured the men from their original callings with bribes and her other instruments of corruption. They become at once more servile and more mercenary, and learn to touch their cap with one hand while the other is open to receive a tip. In their natural habitat, in the places here and there to which one can go as a solitary or almost a solitary visitor, they still are uncontaminated. There the fishermen form an exclusive little community, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Agricultural or other neighbours speak of them vaguely as "poor fisherfolk," not staying to realise that the toilers of the deep have each his own individuality, his affections, his home circle. To the unsympathetic man, who takes his sea-voyage as he does a course of medicine, they remain that and no more—mere figures that work the boat, that for all he cares or knows might be puppets that are set going by putting a penny in the slot. But human nature has ever been to some of us the most attractive of all studies, and the fishermen are a race apart. They for many generations have kept themselves to themselves, marrying and intermarrying

till all the families of the village are related and the family names reduced in number to a small group. And then the sea has had the making of many generations, and is always developing the type. Yet though that be true, it would be a mistake to say that the fisherman loves the sea. On the contrary, he leaves that to the cultivated landsman; his attitude



W. A. J. Hensler.

AT THE QUAY.

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is one of continual suspicion. He would rob her in her sleep, but he knows all the time that were she to wake and become infuriated she is as likely as not to dash him and his puny vessel to pieces against the nearest rock. No lover takes more care not to offend his mistress, for the fisherman, besides scanning the clouds, studying the winds, and searching the flight of birds for hints of the coming storm, has a million thoughts we call superstitions, but which are really the outcome of his solicitude not to awake the anger of the sea. If he get the wrong foot out of bed first, if his long stockings have got put on inside out, should he spill the salt, or stumble against a mewling cat, he will not venture to sea, for these things in some mysterious way are an offence to her. Even in summer, he will tell you, when she lies there outstretched in the sun, shining and peaceful and silent, save for the low crooning along the coasts that is more sweet and inviting than any imagined song of the sirens, she will even with that calm smile on her face drown a man or break his neck for neglecting her unwritten but imperious law. They do not describe the event exactly in these terms, but when the boat, with her terra-cotta sail, belied by a favourable wind, goes bounding over the wine-dark sea, this is their conversation, while all the time the keen eyes scan the wide expanse, they, like wild creatures, being ever on the outlook for danger. Clumsy as they may be on shore, they are as agile as cats on the water, and you may sit and watch them and think how little the seafaring man has changed during the ages. Even in dress they are antique. The blue jersey and tweed trousers, cap, neckerchief, and shoes as light as sandals—oh! young yachtsman, would that your expensive togs looked so exactly the right thing in the right place!—might have been worn at any time, and the sail and the mast and the cordage and the oars recall to your mind the Homeric ships and those enshrined in Roman classics. In such a ship did Agamemnon and golden-haired Menelaus fare forth for her whose face

"had launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium."

So did Jason and his stout companions wander away to seek the Fleece of Gold. Thus did "Pius Æneas" travel when fate directed him to Dido's arms, and one can fancy the stern legionaries of later Rome in boats not unlike this, travelling to conquer or to die.

But also visions arise of pale studious faces, the true "army of the Lord," the saints and prophets who the Prayer Book says with tender reticence "have gone before," the soldier to fight

with man, but they to combat sin, each brave in his own way, each true to what he conceived to be his duty. And on this simple fishing-boat one comes into close contact with the unchanging. It was the same sea that inspired Homer and inspired Swinburne; the same dawn came up rosy-fingered to each; the same golden mystery of sunset fell on wave and rock and oar; the same soft stars came out, and again "the floor of Heaven was thick inlaid with patines of bright gold"; the same graceful silvery moon made her long trail of light. Old? No; the deep heart of existence beats for ever like a boy's, and here is eternal youth. Only the eye that beholds it waxes dim, and the *ego*, the consciousness, the sense of life and will, fades and perhaps lapses and dies away in the universal. Or were those old writers correct in their surmise, and do the lordly adventurers of old, the kings and leaders with their queens and ladies, walk hand-in-hand across the meads of Asphodel? When the funeral rites are over and the grim ferryman has taken his fee, shall we join the goodly company? It is the sea that makes us ask, and the water rippling against the boat gives the queer answer, Where is Andromache? Wife, mother, queen, at one moment all a-quiver for her lord, at the next beholding his body dragged at the horse's heels of the relentless Achilles, she passes as a thrall and chattel into a strange household. She and Briseis, the slave girl, were made equal then, and they are equal now in the annulling arms of oblivion. They are deathless only as figures in the poet's dream. Indeed, it is open for anyone to rejoin that they never were real, never more than figments of man's imagination. Let it be so; but what of the innumerable unnamed kings and slaves, soldiers, and peaceful citizens, who have traversed their several ways, each treading it once only, and gone down to the dust and left behind neither work, record, nor memorial? Are they all waiting in one Valhalla, these "great and mighty nations of the dead"? Who shall answer? The question arises in our minds as we glide over waters feebly lit by the fading sun of afternoon. It came to the mind of those tender enthusiasts who ages and ages ago came here to preach that death was the opening to eternal rest, and the simple oarsman who rowed them was, and the simple fisher-folk of to-day are, as well equipped to find an answer as is the most learned of philosophers. More so perhaps, for who is more likely to have a vision of truth than they who go down to the Great Deep in ships and order their course by the stars?

And yet a different message appears to come from the white-winged gulls and the lapping water. It is that to make such enquiries is a weariness and a waste of energy. The blue



W. A. J. Hensler,

A TREACHEROUS SKY.

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sea and the sunshine falling on wave and rock, the light breeze whispering to the sails, all extend to us a pressing invitation to stop and enjoy them without enquiry. What reck's it of any future? The Power that sent us here will direct the next step, whether we wish it or not. Enjoy the present hour, the past is fled; to-morrow never yet on human being rose or set.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

ON Saturday last a number of admirers of Richard Jefferies met at Coate for the purpose of placing a memorial tablet upon the birthplace of the great open-airist. It is a plain inscription, and runs thus: "Birthplace of Richard Jefferies. Born November 6th, 1848." The date raises certain sad reflections, because it shows that if Jefferies had been living now he would scarcely have begun to be an old man, and might have been at the very top of his strength as far as writing is concerned. Some very sympathetic speeches were made on the occasion, the president being Mr. Bottomley Knowles. Mr. Story Maskelyne, the president of the Wiltshire "Field and Camera Club," drew an interesting comparison between Jefferies and Wordsworth, and, indeed, except that the one wrote in verse and the other in prose, almost the same mind appears to have permeated them. In proof of this Mr. Story Maskelyne quoted the well-known lines:

"And hers shall be the breathing balm
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.
The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maker's form
By silent sympathy."

Anyone comparing the sentiment of this with the sentiment expressed in the "Pageant of Summer" or the "Hours of Spring" will readily recognise the kindredship to which the speaker alluded. Of course, there was this great difference, that Wordsworth, living before Darwin and the Evolutionists, accepted the theory of the universe that had been handed down to him, and was essentially an optimist with a full and childlike trust in God and Nature as he understood them. He had not recognised, as his successor in the laureateship did, that the outdoor life he admired so much was one endless scene of rapine,

and that the goddess of his worship was "red in tooth and claw." Jefferies followed after a wind of new doctrine had swept over the land and carried its blighting influence even to remote cottage and farmhouse. Tennyson, Arnold, Swinburne, all had touched Nature in a vein of melancholy, and a pessimism that has not yet been removed came over all the finer thought. This was very much developed and emphasised in Jefferies, although he was one of the few writers of his age whose education had been of his own making.

Mr. George Avenell recalled to the meeting that in Dove Cottage at Grasmere the memory of Wordsworth was kept green, at Keswick relics of Southey are lovingly preserved, Coniston enshrines the memory of Ruskin, and the Brontës have their museum at Haworth. It seems evident, then, that the old farmhouse at Coate, where Jefferies not only was born, but where he lived and played and fished and poached and gathered the material for his works, should within its precincts have some memorial of him.

FROM THE FARMS.

EMPIRE SHOPS.

IT is with very mixed feelings that English tradesmen and agriculturists will regard Mr. Seddon's new scheme for starting in all the busy centres of population New Zealand Government shops for the sale of Colonial produce. One certain result will be a fierce competition among the purveyors of cheap meat, the South American exporters being certain to try and undersell the New Zealanders. Quite a large number of interesting economic questions are raised by this attempt of a Government to interfere with what has hitherto been left to private bargaining. For one thing, it extinguishes the middleman completely; and in the second place, it threatens to do away with every sort and description of extravagant profit. But what we wish to ask here is, How will the British farmer be affected? During the long depression the price of meat has been very slightly affected. The huge importation of frozen and chilled meat seems to have found its own customers among those who previously ate very little meat, or none at all. Restaurants with cheap luncheons and dinners have vastly increased in number during recent years, and no doubt they account for a great deal of the consumption. Working men, too, have got into the way of consuming far more chops and joints than their forefathers did. At any rate, the importation of frozen meat has not greatly affected those who provide prime Scotch beef or the best Down mutton. Nor are the Empire shops likely to do so either. No colony and no country in the world can come up to us for quality, and the way to meet this new move is to go on providing only the very best.

BROWN ROT ON FRUIT.

The Board of Agriculture has issued an interesting leaflet describing this disease among fruit trees:

"It is undoubtedly one of the most general, and also the most destructive, of diseases against which the fruit-grower has to contend. It attacks apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, and is also not uncommon on various wild fruits belonging to the order Rosaceæ, as bullace, crab, etc. To the ordinary observer this disease first attracts attention when it appears on the fruit under the form of brownish scattered patches on the skin. This is followed by the growth of dull grey tufts (the so-called *Monilia fungus*), which are usually arranged in irregular concentric rings. These grey tufts are composed of dense masses of spores arranged in long branched chains. The fairy-ring arrangement of the fungus is most evident on apples and pears; on plums, cherries, and stone fruit generally, the grey tufts are irregularly scattered over the surface."

The Board gives the following list of preventive measures:

"All dead twigs and shrivelled fruit, whether hanging on the tree or lying on the ground, should be collected and burned during the winter. After the diseased fruit and dead branches have been removed, the trees, and also the ground, should be thoroughly drenched with a solution of sulphate of iron, prepared as follows:

Sulphate of iron	25 pounds.
Sulphuric acid	1 pint.
Water	50 gallons.

Pour the sulphuric acid upon the sulphate of iron, then add the 50 gallons of water by degrees. A barrel is the best vessel to use; a metal vessel must not be used, as it would be acted upon by the sulphuric acid. Spraying with the above solution should be done in January or February, before the leaf-buds begin to swell in the least, otherwise the foliage and blossom will be destroyed. When the leaf-buds are expanding, and at intervals as required, the trees should be sprayed with quite weak Bordeaux mixture. The above line of treatment must be followed for at least two seasons."

THE FLAX INDUSTRY.

A Royal Commission having been appointed to consider the best means of ensuring a supply of raw material for our manu-

facturers in time of war, the following facts relating to flax cultivation are submitted to us by a well-known expert on this subject: The growth of flax in the North of Ireland, comprising 90 per cent. and upwards of that of the whole kingdom, has fallen from 314,000 acres, grown some thirty years ago, to less than 30,000 acres grown in 1900 or 1901. The reason why flax cultivation has made so little progress in this

country is because the orthodox system of treatment, as practised in Ireland, is so tedious and so costly, and unless the straw is of first-rate quality (a very rare occurrence) it will not pay for conversion by such means. In order to induce the British farmer to grow flax largely he must be allowed to ripen the seed, and then cut the crop in place of pulling it by hand; and after he has taken off the seed a sure market must be provided for the straw, and £2 paid for the same on delivery. Under the above-mentioned conditions the farmer may safely calculate upon making a net profit of £4 per acre on his flax, and this for a crop sown in March and harvested early in August is good enough; whilst the spinner, who should purchase the straw, will make a very satisfactory profit on its conversion into fibre, and at the same time secure a never-failing supply of the raw material he uses. A hundred thousand tons of flax fibre and 15,000,000 bushels of linseed are imported annually. A million acres of flax could without difficulty be grown here every season, and would yield from 16,000,000 to 20,000,000 bushels of linseed for feeding purposes and 200,000 tons of good clean fibre ready for the spinner.

A simple and inexpensive system of treating flax-straw with ordinary farm labour has lately been introduced, and an exhaustive trial has been made upon 100 tons of the same. Flax may safely be sown either before or after wheat or barley, and no better preparation for clover can possibly be named. The cost



C. F. Grindrod.

SHEEP WASHING.

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of establishing a flax retort capable of producing 100 tons of fibre annually would not exceed £2,000, half of the money to be spent on buildings and machinery that will last a lifetime. The fibre produced will cost £15 per ton, and would sell readily to-day for £25 per ton. In this way flax-spinners can, if they choose, render themselves practically independent of the foreigner and at the same time benefit agriculture enormously.

The present writer has no personal interest to serve in this matter, having neither patents to sell nor royalties to receive in connection therewith; and being nearly eighty years of age he is not looking for large emoluments in connection with the management of the business, but is willing to instruct any person chosen by the spinners for that purpose, and hand over to him the work of extending the same whenever called upon to do so.

SEAWEED IN AGRICULTURE.

"Dulse and tangle" is not in the North so common a street cry to-day as it used to be, but nevertheless seaweed still has its uses. In parts of Cornwall it is sold for the purpose, so runs the whisper of gossip, of making cheap jams and jellies, and, as our picture shows, agriculturists find a use for it as manure.

SHEEP WASHING.

Of the many hard tasks that the rural swain is called upon to perform it would not generally be guessed that sheep-washing is one of the most difficult, yet it is so, especially when the old ewes come to be treated. They are by no means fond of water, and struggle violently with the man who attempts to souse them into it. The result is to call into operation muscles not usually exercised, and sheep-washers are at one in declaring that they often have sore bones after the first day of it.



Sutcliffe.

CARTING SEAWEED FOR MANURE.

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ROCK SAND AND HIS ANCESTORS.

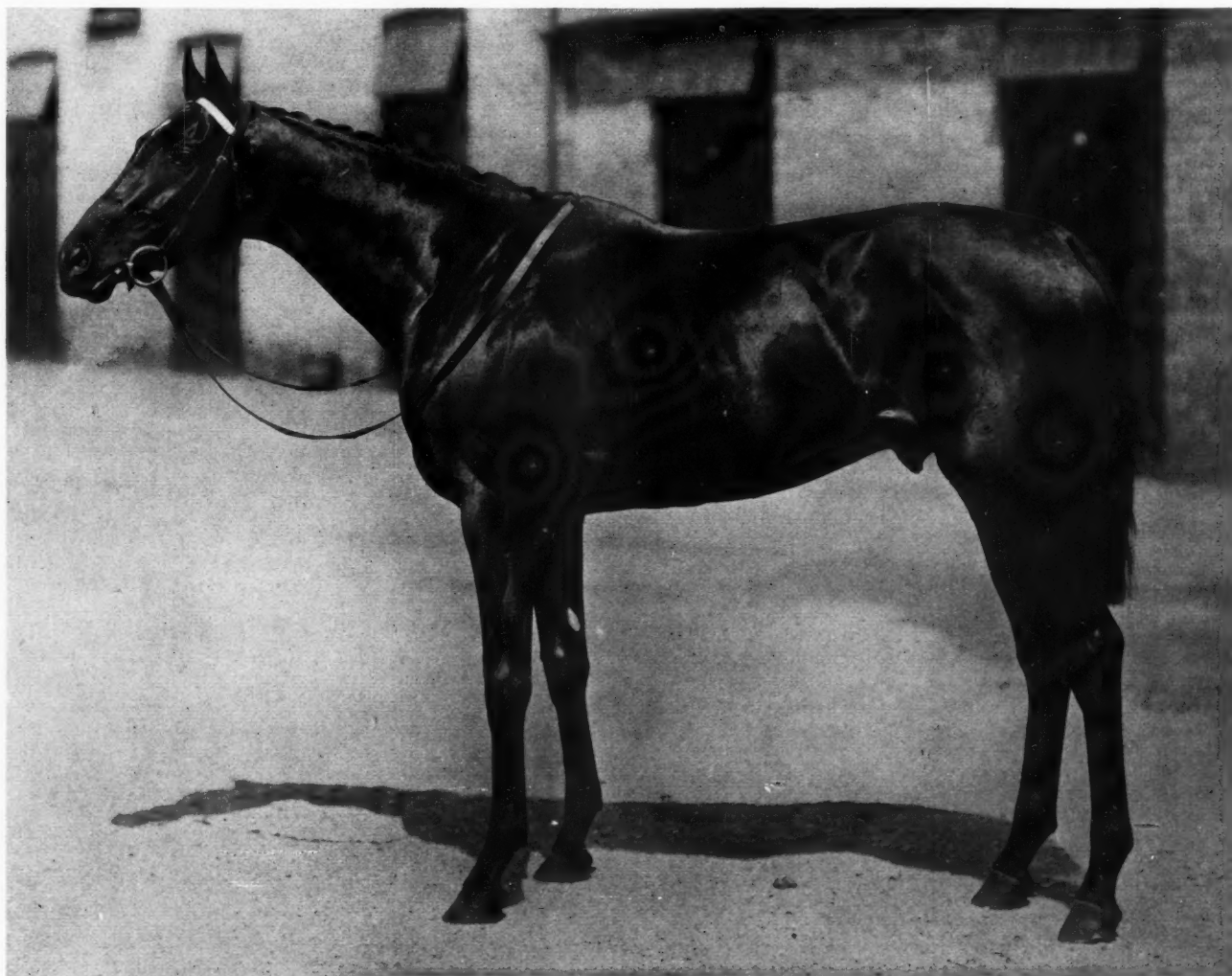
MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S new policy probably fills more headlines in the newspapers than any other topic of the day; but among rich men at their clubs, or poor men on their way to and from their daily work, in public-houses and at private dinner-tables, Rock Sand and his gallant victory over the French horse Vinicius has undoubtedly held the field of conversation during the past fortnight. The exquisite triumph of leading in the horse who has just won the great race of the year, to the accompaniment of the deafening cheers of the appreciative crowd which throngs the Epsom Downs, must necessarily be within the experience—or, indeed, the dreams—of very few of us. It is only a small and wealthy minority who can compete actively in the sport of kings, and neither wealth, enterprise, nor perseverance can command the success which is represented by the supreme achievement of winning the Derby. Many owners of great names on the Turf have striven vainly for its highest prize, and have had to end their career without gaining it. Sir James Miller, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the accompanying illustrations, has had the exceptional luck to win it twice before he has "come to forty year." The Duke of Portland is the only other owner who has met with the same good fortune so early in life. He, like Sir Joseph Hawley before him, and Lord Rosebery a few years later, took the Blue Riband two years in succession. The late Duke of Westminster alone had, up to the present year, won the Derby with a horse bred from a previous Derby winner who had carried his colours. Ormonde, the invincible, bore the yellow jacket and black cap to victory just six years after his sire, the handsome Bend Or, had won the Duke his first Derby. Sainfoin has been longer in finding a mate capable of producing a son equal to repeating his own victory. Sir James Miller, at that time adjutant of the 14th Hussars, purchased Sainfoin shortly before the Derby of 1890, and the latter had, therefore, reached a sober middle age before his union with Roquebrune resulted in the birth of Rock Sand, probably one of the best Derby winners ever foaled.

Sainfoin, the patriarch of the family group whose portraits we give, and which enjoys the amenities of life in the well-

appointed Hamilton Stud at Newmarket, is a chestnut horse by Springfield out of Sanda, and half-brother, therefore, to Black Sand, who won last year's Cesarewitch. Within a few weeks of his purchase he rewarded the plucky subaltern's enterprise by winning the Derby of 1890, in which he beat a hot favourite in Mr. Merry's Surefoot. It has been the fashion to rate Sainfoin as a moderate horse who won the Derby in a bad year; but Surefoot, although decried as a non-stayer, won the Eclipse Stakes, $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile, in the following year, defeating Common, the winner of the Derby, and a good one at that, and Gouverneur, the second in the race, and the best Frenchman of his year. Sainfoin, however, never earned a bracket after winning the Derby, although he ran a good second to Amphion.

Roquebrune, the dam of Rock Sand, was probably the best filly of her day. As a two year old in 1895 she won the New Stakes at Ascot on her only public appearance. She only ran once in the following year, winning an unimportant race, the Zetland Stakes at Doncaster, as she could not stand the exigencies of training. She is a beautiful brown mare, and her son probably inherits the greater part of his excellence, as well as his colour, from his dam, whose own parentage—she is by St. Simon out of St. Marguerite, a daughter of Hermit—is sufficiently aristocratic to justify the most sanguine expectations for her offspring.

Rock Sand's performances, although recently recounted in these columns, are good enough to bear summarising again. He has only once known defeat, and that one defeat, like that of his French rival Vinicius in the Prix du Jockey Club, is one of those mysteries with which the history of the Turf abounds, inexplicable, and likely to remain for ever unexplained. He won all his other two year old races, beginning with the Bedford Stakes at Newmarket in the spring, and winding up with the Dewhurst Plate on the same battleground, where he effectually showed that his not winning the Middle Park Plate at the previous meeting was due to any cause but his own want of capacity, by making a hack of Greaterex, who had fought out the battle in the two year old Derby with the winner Flotsam, to whom he succumbed by a head. His other victories were in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, the



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ROCK SAND.

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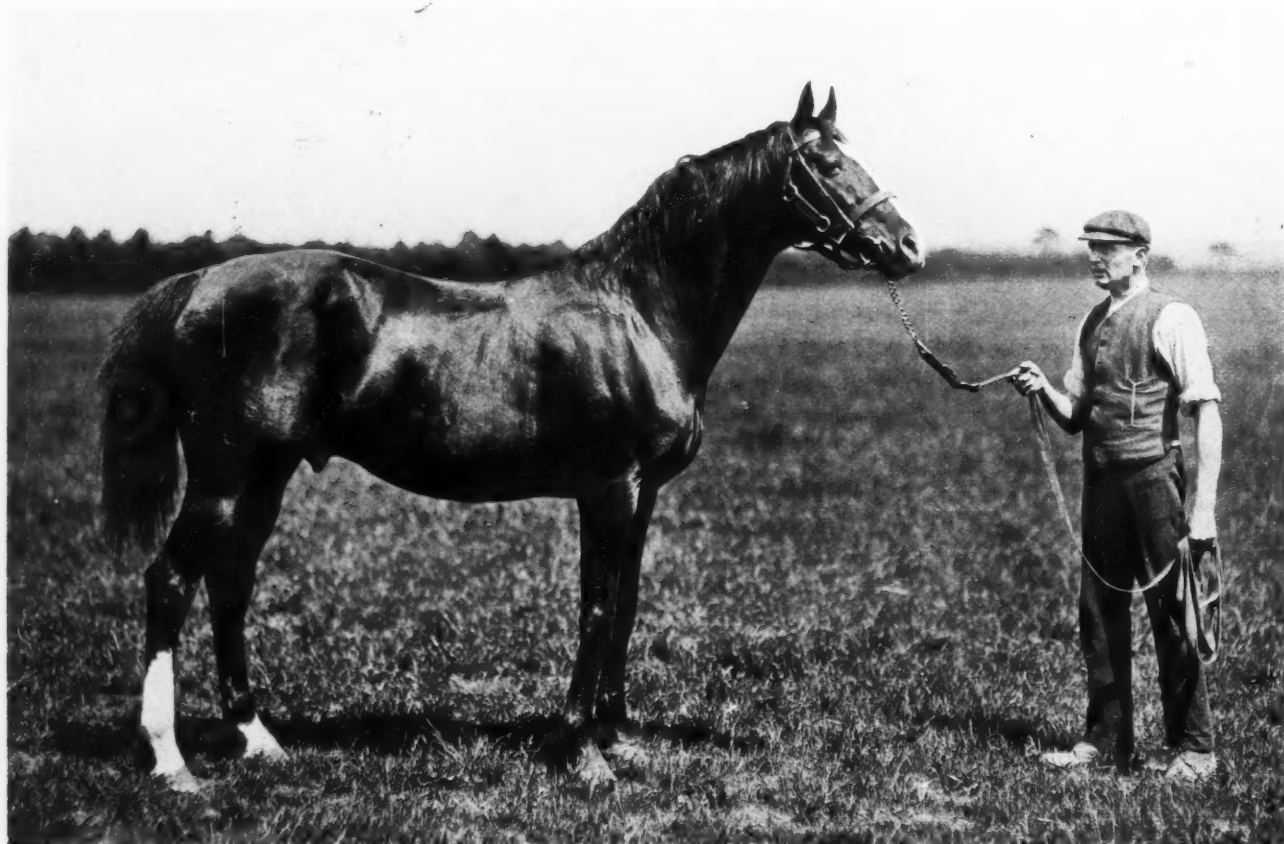
W. A. Kouch.

ROQUEBRUNE AND FOAL BY SAINFOIN.

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Coventry Stakes at Ascot, and the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. All courses and all distances seemed to suit him equally, and, except at Ascot, where he only got home after a desperate struggle with Baroness La Fleche, he always won with consummate ease. His triumphs this year are fresh in our memory. He won the Two Thousand (after taking a minor race in the Craven Week), when perhaps not thoroughly wound up, comfortably enough, although his stable companion

Flotsam at one time appeared to get on fighting terms with him, but his Derby victory was as decisive as his warmest admirers could hope for. He literally won all the way. He is a scratchy mover in his slow paces, and always evokes hostility for that reason when going to the post, but when extended his action is well-nigh perfect, and his manners and temper are those of a well-bred gentleman. *Noblesse oblige* is evidently his motto, and his behaviour at the gate is as exemplary as his superiority in



W. A. Kouch.

SAINFOIN.

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other respects is marked, and when once the barrier is raised, he jumps off and sets about business in a resolute fashion, which must make him a delightful horse to ride. To have bred and to own such an animal must be a source of justifiable and enduring pride to the master of the Hamilton Stud.

His two year old brother, Sanroque, also a brown, has yet to make his first appearance in public. He is still backward, and it is uncertain if he will fulfil his Ascot engagements. He is very fully engaged, and as he is in the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger next year, besides the chief two year old events of the current season, he will have plenty of opportunities of emulating the performances of his distinguished elder brother, who had already firmly established his reputation this time last year.

Roquebrune produced nothing last year, but she has now a good-looking brown colt by Sainfoin at foot. So far the distinguished sons of St. Simon and Perdita II., Florizel II., Persimmon, and Diamond Jubilee, have been the only instance of a series of own brothers successfully distinguishing themselves. We may hope that the Sainfoin-Roquebrune combination may form a second one.

Another matron whom we may hope to see add in the paddocks to the reputation she acquired on the Turf, is the good-looking bay Aida, a daughter of Galopin and Queen Adelaide, whom we see with her first-born, a chestnut colt foal by Sainfoin. Aida was a really first-class performer, as she won the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton when in receipt of 10lb. more than weight for sex from Volodyovski, and the One Thousand Guineas the following year. She proved herself nearly the equal of the best colts of the year in one of the most sensational finishes ever seen at Newmarket, when she finished third in the Newmarket Stakes, a short head behind Doricles (who subsequently won the Leger), who was only a head behind the winner, William the Third, second in the Derby, and winner last year of the Ascot Gold Cup. This was practically the close of her career, as,



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SANROQUE.

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although she ran again, she was never in a condition to do herself justice.

Chaleureux has not yet done anything of note at the stud, but he made his name in Turf history as the winner of the Cesarewitch in 1898, and of the Manchester November Handicap later in the same year, carrying the substantial burden of 8st. 10lb. It was, perhaps, the most distinguished instance of Sir James Miller's luck and judgment in purchasing horses sold after winning a selling race, and a still greater source of credit to his clever trainer Blackwell, who improved him out of all knowledge after he got him into his capable hands. Sir James Miller has another purchased in the same way in Cossack, who has developed under the same excellent management into about the best performer over short courses, with the exception of Sundridge, now in training.

Sir James Miller has never won a Leger, the only classic race not yet placed to his credit, as, besides his Derby, Two and One Thousand Guineas victories related above, he won the Oaks in 1895 with La Sagesse. His doing so appears to be only a matter of health for Rock Sand, and with two such mares as Roquebrune and Aida he may reasonably hope for a repetition of his successes in years to come.

The Hamilton Stud is but a short distance from Hamilton House, the stately mansion purchased by Sir James from the late John Watts, so that personal superintendence of the small but select stud is an easy matter. The permanent management is, as results show, most capably conducted by Buck, the stud groom, to whom falls a large part of the honours of Rock Sand's year.

The pleasure to be derived from owning and managing such an establishment is almost unequalled by any other occupation or amusement. The hopes, the fears, the disappointments, and the final triumph of a youngster that has been bred and reared under his owner's immediate supervision, must be felt to be realised. Sir James Miller has had his full share of all these, and, as has been hinted before, he is likely to continue his successful career as a breeder of race-horses.

KAPPA.



W. A. Rouch.

CHALEUREUX.

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IN THE GARDEN.

WALL GARDENS IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

AMONG the many beautiful exhibits at the recent exhibition in the Temple Gardens were the little mountain flowers and shrubs from the high Alps that we are accustomed to seek in the rock garden, or some well-planted margin to an old-world English border, blue, may be, with the big bells of *Gentianella*, or snow white with *Cerastium*. An increasing love for flowers makes the ardent gardener yearn for these mountain gems, not only upon rocky ledge or in moist recess, but in the walls, new and old, that may surround his home.

This is called wall gardening. It is not an entirely fresh departure from the ways of a past generation, but of late years more attention has been directed to a form of gardening which, carried out with enthusiasm and discretion, brings with it rare joy and contentment.

Such illustrations as we are able to give of walls covered with flowers in a garden in the home counties must appeal to all who love cascades and drifts of flowers. Wall gardening is full of delightful possibilities. It has another advantage, and that is the picture may be painted within a few months. Eighteen months ago the walls shown in the illustration were as bare as a gravel path, but seed was sown freely of the most likely alpine to succeed, and little seedlings dibbled in with the object of creating broad and rich effects, reproducing on a smaller scale the same wealth of colouring that greets the mountaineer in his walks over Alpine meadows and by rocky paths.

It is strange that illustrations of made wall gardens should be needful to bring home to the minds of the uninitiated the beauty of draping the surfaces of stones with such colouring as this, but so it is. The object-lessons that Nature teaches on many an old castle keep, or perhaps some homely farmyard enclosure, have remained unheeded until a few who have the seeing eye for all that is most lovely in the land, thought of the wall as a possible place for good gardening.

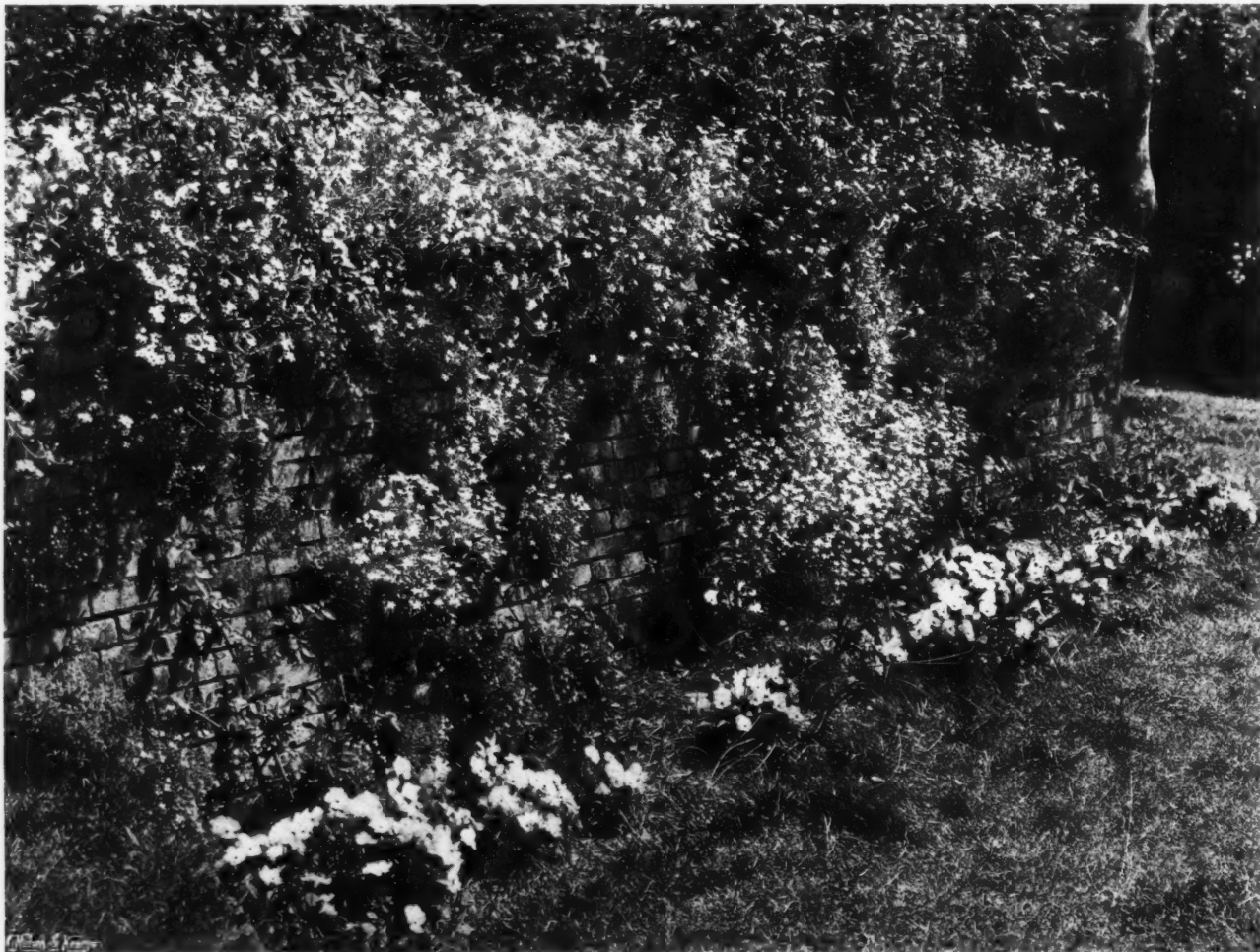
How willing even large plants like *Foxglove* and *Mullein* are to grow in such places is seen in many old cottage walls, where the seed has settled by natural agency, and flourished amazingly. Take tender care of the old flower-covered wall, is our advice to those whose homes possess such creations, and try

to introduce other things that are known to exist with their roots simply in some mossy chink or crevice. A few weeks ago we were riding through a pretty English village, and in the centre was an old high red-brick wall. We knew this wall before its present owner had care of it. In its neglect it was beautiful, *Wallflower*, *Foxglove*, *Ox-eye Daisy*, and *Saxifrage* springing from a mossy covering. These were unmolested, but without creating a confused or unnatural picture, the blue *Aubrietia* and the "Gold Dust" *Alyssum* were introduced in free drifts as if wind and bird had scattered the seed hither and thither. The soft colouring of the *Alyssum* led on to the grouping of purple with breaks of *Wallflower* and *Cerastium*, a garden in itself, a mingling of artificial and natural, but so fresh and wholesome in beauty that a coloured illustration alone could convey anything of the passing of one colour to another, with here and there colonies of some flower unusual to such a place. All this was simply the outcome of sowing seed in spring and autumn, and of planting seedlings raised in a cold frame in the garden.

Wall gardening should content those who are impatient of waiting. Within eighteen months cascades of blossom will tumble over the surface from the free planting of *Alyssum* and *Cerastium*; and the quickest growth is in a dry wall—that is to say, one built without mortar to hold the stones together.

When the wall is solid, wall gardening is practically impossible. The seed or seedlings must have soil to root into, and moisture, but this is quite attainable even when the wall is a support to terrace or bank. Here and there scrape away the mortar and put in strong tufts, syringing well in the cool of the summer evening, and before the sun shines upon them in the morning, and fit the plants to the positions most likely to suit them. Many things grow delightfully in full sun, and perish in shade, but no one should purchase a plant until a place has been allotted to it. Some helpful book, such as Miss Jekyll's "Wall and Water Gardens," will make success more certain, and thereby save wasted outlay upon plants and seed that fail through ignorance of their natural requirements.

The writer has followed closely in the footsteps of this excellent teacher, and has now several walls smothered with flowers in spring. They are full of interest at all times, as various mountain flowers are tried in certain places, and things



that we have been told belong to the border are sometimes found even happier in the wall.

It is wise to think of one family. The Pinks, alpine and otherwise, are a charming study, and how well the little Maiden Pink grows in a dry wall! We have many colonies of it, and from summer until winter it is pink with bloom. During winter the wall garden is pleasantly green with clusterings of mossy Saxifrage and Sedum, or grey with the leafage of White Pink, which we have planted in big masses to make snowy pictures in June days. No phase of hardy gardening demands less perseverance. Start well with the plants most easily grown, attend to their simple wants, and make additions as the times for sowing and planting recur. Avoid muddled-up groups, and aim not at acquiring collections. The sweetest wall gardens are the simplest and the most enjoyable. It is Nature that must guide the planter, and not he who makes the mixed border winsome with sheaves of rich and formal colourings in the appointed seasons. Many a simple garden flower finds its home in the wall. Tufted Pansies, the sweet family of Violets, the Pinks, and many a rare alpine reveal themselves in a way undreamed of by those who have known them only in rock garden or border.

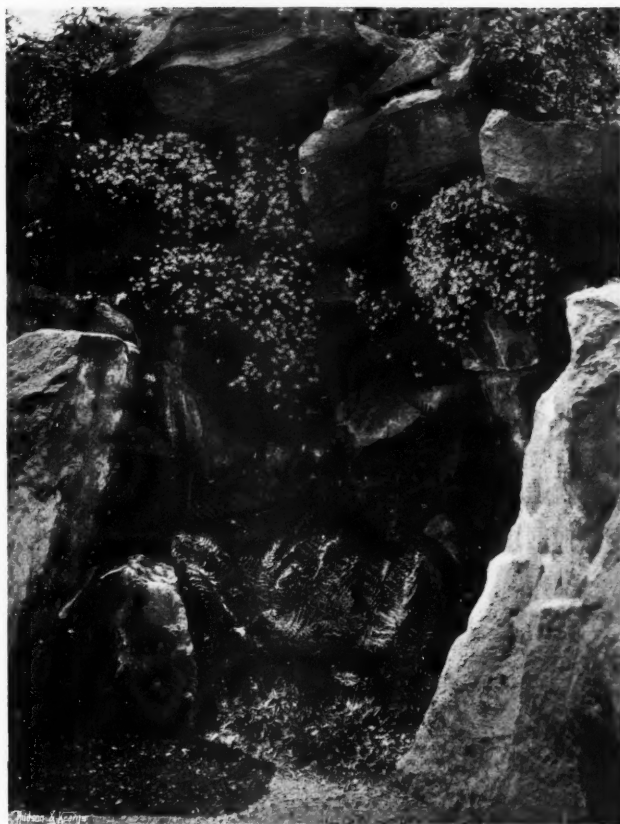
ROCK GARDEN AT FRIAR PARK, HENLEY.

We ask the reader to turn to a set of illustrations of a rock garden which may be considered one of the most natural in the country. Why is this rock garden beautiful? The answer is, that it has been constructed with a rare knowledge of Alpine scenery, and the way rocks crop out from the earth for flowers to clothe them. The keynote is simplicity. It is a garden of flowers, not of rocks. Here a patch of Gentian is blue with colour, there the starry white Sandwort creeps over the little mountain-like path, or some stray Pink is a flowery obstacle to our progress.

The whole garden is fragrant with the breath of mountain, mead, and moorland. A Heath covers some stone as we see it upon an English moor, and in every crevice and cranny some plant is growing as freely as in its native land.

Rock gardening is imitative, but made ridiculous when the desire is simply to throw together in meaningless confusion

brick-paths and the refuse of a mason's yard—that is rock gardening gone mad. At Friar Park the great boulders and stones are arranged so naturally that the effect is dignified, and the flowers are given just those places in which they rejoice in alpine pass and mead. No formal walk mars this garden. The path winds through the stones heaped on either side until an open space permits things of ruder growth than others to ramble at will, and a knowledge of where to place



FLOWERS ON ROCKY LEDGES (FRIAR PARK).

and a garden as beautiful as a stone-mason's yard. From such frivolities the rock gardens of Friar Park and in a few other gardens are a pleasant relief. Let them be taken as examples of what to do, and that in simple massing of stone and flowers there is beauty and repose. As the authoress already quoted so well says, "It is one of the pleasures of the rock garden to observe what plants (blooming at the same time) will serve to make pretty mixtures, and to see how to group and arrange them (always preferably in long-shaped drifts) in such a way that they will best display their own and each other's beauty, so that a journey through the garden, while it presents a well-balanced and dignified harmony throughout its main features and masses, may yet, at every few steps, show a succession of charming lesser pictures."

The illustrations will teach more than a bookful of instructions. They show that in simple grouping there is the richest reward in flower beauty, and that the man is wise who takes heed of the natural pictures or the advice of those who have learned through experience that gardening needs a contemplative mind if it is to be grasped in all its fulness.

A SHADY BORDER.

How often some border or corner of the garden is left bare because it is supposed that nothing will grow healthily without sun! A small shady border in a garden not far from London is at the moment of writing full of quiet colouring from a few plants that are happy without sun, for no sun reaches this very shady spot. The Spanish Scillas, *S. campanulata* and the beautiful white variety *alba*, are in full flower. The bulbs were planted about three years ago, and have multiplied so fast



WHERE THE EDELWEISS GROWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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that they have occupied quite as much space as they were intended to. Wherever there is shade grow these Spanish Bluebells, which make clouds of blue in the same way as an English Bluebell in the woodland. Forget-me-nots are everywhere, and their blue stars twinkle amongst the clumps of Ferns, now of tenderest green. Soon this blue colouring will give way to the fragrant yellow bells of Day Lilies, which open out day by day for several weeks. There is no one great display, but a succession, and the effect is excellent. The pure yellow colouring is softer and pleasanter among the greens of Fern and Ivy than in the mixed border. In summer a mass of Etna Phlox flowers superbly, and apparently enjoys the few glints of sunlight that come across the corner in which it is planted. There is a good depth of soil and moisture, without which Phloxes are poor and almost flowerless. In the one corner is the perennial Sunflower, which seems to have taken possession for a time, but is not a "stationary" plant, except the variety H. G. Moon. The others seek fresh soil and positions, and move forward, so to speak, until the whole border is filled with Sunflower roots. The good gardener does not permit this, but the beginner has to learn these things by experience, unless he discovers some helpful note or has the advice of a gardening friend!

A CURIOUSLY COLOURED TULIP.

An example of the sporting tendency of the Tulip is shown by a flower received from Mr. Worley, Calveston Cottage, Stony Stratford, Bucks. Our correspondent asks if such an occurrence is unusual. No, it



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THE ROCK GARDEN AT FRIAR PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

is not, and it may be interesting for Tulip-lovers to know that the beautiful byblmen forms are simply the outcome of the flower sporting—that is, breaking into other colours. The flower sent was one half crimson and the other white, the two colours sharply divided.

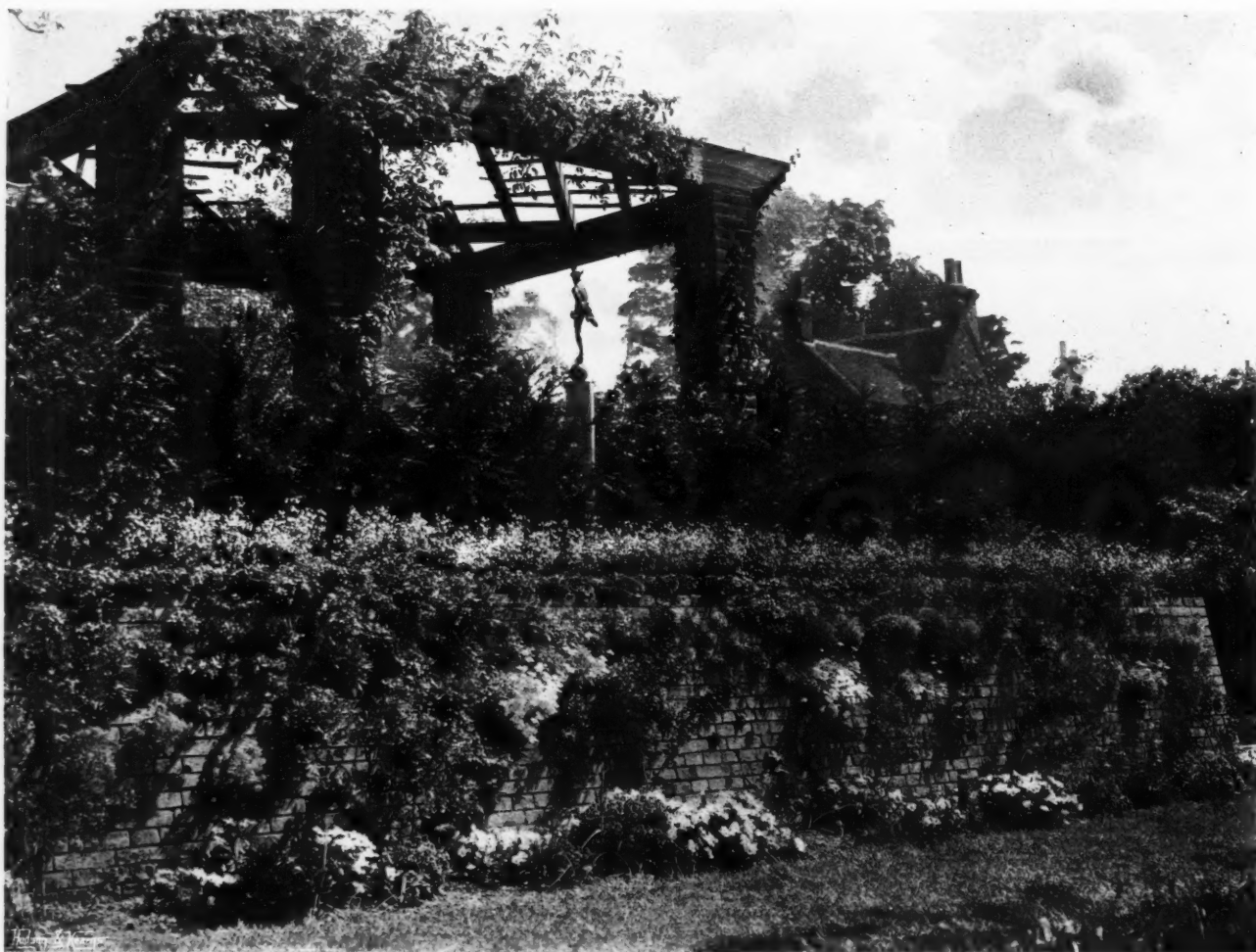
L. UMBELLATUM GRANDIFLORUM.

There is a remarkable difference between this variety and the typical *Lilium umbellatum*. The plant is much more vigorous, the flowers are larger, richer in colour, and more freely produced. None of the early-flowering *Liliums* is more acceptable than this; its

brilliant orange-red blossoms are the brightest spot in the herbaceous border at the present time. Another point in its favour is that it grows very easily, never giving the least trouble. It is neither fastidious as to soil nor situation.

ANNUAL FLOWERS—THINNING OUT.

A timely note may mean gaiety in place of failure. It is at this season that the annual flowers are making prodigious progress, and unless the thinning is done severely, the result is a spindling, ill-fed growth and poor flowers. No matter whether the seed is of the best and the sowing has been done according to the rules laid down in these notes last spring, the result is disappointing unless thinning out is done. We advised *thin* sowing of the seed, but it is almost impossible to sow sparingly owing to the small size of many seeds, hence, in the best of gardens, constant after-thinning is essential. Poppies as thick as Mustard and Cress cannot flower with that freedom we enjoy, and whereas fifty or a hundred seedlings frequently cover a few inches



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VIOLETS, ALYSSUM, AND OTHER FLOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of soil, those few inches are scarcely sufficient for the development of a single plant. The same is true of Sweet Peas, Sunflowers, and all annuals, and may be written, of course, of those vegetable annuals the garden Pea and so forth. It is a pleasure to find that annual flowers are being so much used in mixed borders and rough spots where it was thought "nothing will grow." A scattering of Poppies or Larkspur will make many a barren waste full of life and colour. From the little blue *Nemophila* to the giant Sunflower there is every shade of colour and form of growth, and with a right combination of shades delightful pictures occur. The larger Mallow (*Lavatera trimestris*) with white Sadie Burpee Sweet Pea or the *Lavatera* alone are examples of what we mean, but this flower beauty is only possible when the seedlings are well thinned out.

JUNE LILIES.

Mr. Rudolph Barr, writing in the recently-published volume of the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society upon "Hardy Summer and Autumn Flowering Bulbs," alludes to the Lilies that flower in June. He writes as follows: "The principal Lilies flowering in June and of easy culture are *L. elegans*, *umbellatum*, *Brownii*, *candidum* (the 'Madonna' Lily), the old cottage garden Orange Lily (*croceum*), and *testaceum*. For herbaceous borders these are all highly decorative; they should be planted in groups or clumps, and allowed to remain undisturbed, as when established they bloom much better than the first season after planting. For the successful culture of Lilies generally, it should be borne in mind that the bulbs like a cool rooting medium, and a soil which is thoroughly well drained. These conditions can be easily arranged for in hardy herbaceous and shrubby borders, where the surrounding vegetation protects the young and tender Lily growths from cold winds, and afterwards keeps the soil cool and shaded, thus inducing, in the case of some varieties, a free production of stem roots. These stem roots, when they appear, should be given a covering of good rich soil into which they can freely root, as upon them the development of the flower-head and the preservation of the bulb largely depend. In cases where the soil is heavy and damp, add an abundance of sand and leaf-soil."

RANDOM NOTES.

Wanted, Good Garden Carnations.—The writer of these notes would be grateful for information about the best Carnations for the garden, varieties that bear flowers of good self colours, and without a desire to let loose their petals. It is not sufficient that the flower be of good colour, as a calyx that splits is quite a disqualification. The plant must grow strongly and bear a wealth of fragrant blossom. It is, therefore, impossible to take into account varieties seen at shows, unless we are acquainted with their behaviour in the garden. The writer places faith in three self Carnations for filling beds or for



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CERASTIUM AND SNAPDRAGON ON DRY WALL.

"C.L."

making groups in the border. These are Uriah Pike, an improvement upon the old Clove and quite as sweetly scented, George Maquay, the finest white in existence, and Countess of Paris, a soft blush, all strong and free, and without the least inclination to burst the petals. Some may ask why a "pod burster," as the Carnation specialist describes such flowers, is one to avoid? The answer is that a flower that does not keep its petals within bounds is quickly sullied by the weather, and has a ragged, unkempt appearance that greatly detracts from its beauty.

The Double Gorse (*Ulex europæus* fl.-pl.).—This is still a rare shrub in many gardens, and, therefore, we were all the more charmed with it at Batsford, the residence of Lord Redesdale, where great groups near the house are covered with double yellow flowers. It is similar to the Gorse of moorland and common in every way, except that the flowers are quite double, and last about six weeks in beauty. That is the end of the display. There is no scattered succession.

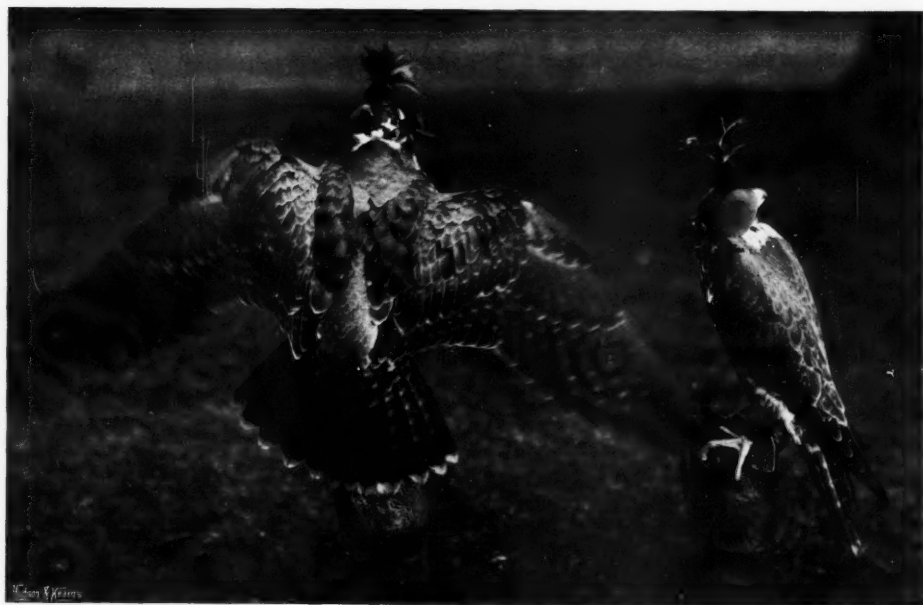
Saxifraga Guildford Seedling.—We intend to plant this beautiful Saxifrage in the wall and in the joints in stones on the rock garden. It is a flower that must be brought close to the eye, as its beauty consists in its deep crimson colour. A small group of it is very brilliant on an early spring day, and it is just one of those plants that can be enjoyed in the cold or alpine house, about which we have written several times in these notes.

ROOK-HAWKING.

ALTHOUGH not counted in the highest rank of quarry at which hawks are flown, the rook has always occupied a highly respectable place amongst the objects of the falconer's pursuit. In England, especially, the increasing

dearth of other quarry has enhanced the value, for purposes of sport, of this very common inhabitant of the downs and plains. It is true that the *chasse* of the rook is devoid of one element which many theorists have supposed to be essential to a perfect

field-sport. He is, when taken, valueless for the table, or even for decorative purposes—unless the making up of scarecrows deserves that name. But in this respect rook-hawking is no more defective than gull-hawking or kite-hawking, or, for that matter, than fox-hunting or otter-hunting. Regarded as a mere sport, apart from all considerations of "the pot," and judged purely by such tests as the speed and skill which it requires on the part of the pursuers, and the exercise and excitement which it provides for the men who follow, rook-hawking will be found to deserve very fully the praise which is allowed to it by those who still practise it. And perhaps the obstacles which in these latter years have made its practice so much more difficult in this country have given it a higher title to honour than it possessed in the days when it had to compete for popularity with such formidable rivals as hawking at ducks, kites, herons, and woodcocks. The most worthy of its rivals now in England is gull-hawking, for success in which so many exceptional conditions are required



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

RED PASSAGE PEREGRINES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that it can only be achieved by a few enthusiasts enjoying special opportunities.

The best flights to be had at rooks are those which ensue when the quarry is sighted "on the passage," or, in other words, as he is coming along on the wing, and in the same manner as herons were flown in the old times. It is when a hawk is thrown off under these conditions, and the rook happens to be an old cock in perfect plumage, that there is the best chance of a "ringing" flight, in which the two birds struggle, by mounting in spiral circles, for mastery in the air. On such occasions the height attained by them is often very considerable, and the distance to be traversed by the spectators on horseback down below may be measured by half-miles, or even miles. When the rook to be flown is found feeding on the ground, and especially when he can be approached up wind within any reasonable distance, he naturally has a poorer chance of escape. But even then, if he is a good one, he will very often severely test the speed and skill of a trained hawk, and take the horsemen a long and hard gallop over the downs in pursuit. Rooks vary greatly in their powers of flight, and a good deal also in their pluck and their ability to "shift," or swerve, to avoid the stoop. But, though this variety is almost, or quite, as great as between hares in a coursing meeting, how much more striking is the difference between the hawks which may be used to pursue them! These are now always peregrines, and, it may be perhaps added, always "falcons," or females. One might almost go further, and say they are always "passage" falcons, or such as have been captured after they had learned to prey for themselves. But this was by no means always true. In ancient as well as in more recent times, eyess falcons—taken from the nest as fledgelings—have not unfrequently been used for this flight with success; and occasionally even now an eyess will take quite kindly to rook-hawking. But to suppose that they are, or ever have been, at all comparable in merit to their wild-caught sisters would be a great mistake. In game-hawking the balance between the "falcon gentle" and the "haggards" and "soar-hawks" is much more even; and no modern falconer need ever forget how the eyess Parachute makes a higher score at grouse than the passage falcons flown in her year under the same conditions. But in rook-hawking the wild-caught peregrines have it all their own way. And even between wild-caught falcons it seems now to be established beyond any doubt that haggards—captured when already clad in the mature plumage—are more serviceable for this flight than the "red" falcons trapped before they are one year old.

This, indeed, is a conclusion to which the best authorities on falconry had arrived some centuries ago. The prejudice of Shakespeare against haggards and in favour of the "tassel-gentle" was certainly not shared by the most practical falconers of his own and the succeeding generations. But it

cannot be denied that for some years the modern English falconers who ordered their rook-hawks from the Mollens in Holland preferred to have "red" passage hawks, and not haggards. And the reason was supposed in Holland to be discoverable in the Shakespearean theory that the latter were more intractable and less trustworthy when reclaimed. Anyone who has seen much of rook-hawking will probably admit that both in style and in deadliness the haggard carries off the palm with ease. Some will even think the haggard as much superior to a red passage falcon as the latter to an eyess. It would, indeed, be not at all surprising if this were the case. For it is practice and exercise in the free state which make the passage hawk faster and cleverer than the eyess. And, as the haggard must have had at least a year—and possibly several years—of wild life on her own account before she was captured, it is only reasonable to suppose that she should know her business better than one which at the best can have had only six months of such existence at large. The reports of this year's campaign at the Wiltshire rooks seem to confirm very markedly the opinion that the peregrine caught in the adult state generally does much greater execution than any other.

What are the signs by which the "style" of a hawk can be judged? To the practised eye of a connoisseur they are much more obvious and easy to appreciate than those which mark the differences between horses or hounds. The mere question of speed, important though it is, constitutes only one of the many tests by which a good hawk is distinguished. From the very moment when the haggard is thrown off she shows her complete knowledge of the task which lies before her, and of the methods by which she is most likely to accomplish it with success. Instead of following slavishly in the course of the quarry—as the eyess and even many of the passage hawks are only too apt to do—she steers her flight at once in that direction where she will soonest arrive at a position from which she may make a decisive stoop. Like a first-rate chess player, who gets out his pieces



C. Reid.

THE EYESS FALCON.

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BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

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with an ultimate view of combining them all in a single telling attack, neglecting all minor considerations for the one main purpose of checkmating the adversary, so the experienced falcon, disdaining to take advantage of opportunities which would enable her to make quickly an ineffective stroke, wings her way with



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THE ENEMY IN SIGHT.

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deliberation to that commanding height from which her stoop, when it is delivered, must come with a force and precision almost irresistible. By such an attack the victim, even if he succeeds in avoiding the blow, is badly demoralised. Then, if the falcon has not actually footed her quarry, what a lesson is to be learnt from the way in which she recovers herself in the air, shooting up from the long, swift descent till she has regained a position far above the frightened quarry, when a second attack may be made with hardly less advantage than the first! And when the fatal stroke comes, and the disordered plumage of the rook hangs dangling from one of the hooked talons, how easy it all looks to the spectator down below! Like all feats performed by those who are masters of their craft, a kill by a haggard presents to the unscientific eye the illusion of having been done without difficulty or great exertion. It is long before the stoops of a younger hawk, even if successful, can be delivered with the same appearance of lordly unconcern.

Even in the choice of a quarry and in the tactics of aerial flight the haggard shows herself immeasurably superior to the

rank and file of the other hawks. That this should be so in the case of eyesses is not at all surprising. But it is strange how stupid red passage falcons will often show themselves in even the elementary matters connected with rook-hawking. Many of them, when thrown off at a flock of rooks, will unaccountably select that one of them which they seem to have the worst chance of catching. Others when intended to go in pursuit of a rook up wind, and therefore in a more or less favourable position, will perversely make off down wind after another rook, who, as she ought to know, can without any real difficulty save herself in a not far distant clump. Many peregrines, having been born bad footers, have been caught in Holland before they had learnt by the hard experience of a winter life to use their feet with effect, and come to the trainer's hands with a still imperfect knowledge of how to be accurate in their stoops. And a still more numerous class have not as yet mastered their original inclination

to deliver stoops in season and out of season, without waiting till they are in a position where their attempts can be made with success.

The entering of peregrines to rooks is often attended with difficulties, for the wild hawk does not often condescend to feed himself on such coarse viands as rooks' flesh. It is therefore very advisable to employ a "make-hawk" in the shape of a last year's falcon which has already had some success in this line. But the sporting instinct is so highly developed in the peregrine, and she is so cosmopolitan in her choice of quarry, that these initial difficulties are seldom insuperable. Once entered, she is quite likely to develop a strong liking for the *métier*. And not unfrequently she will acquire a taste for the rook as food, or, at all events, not be aggrieved if fed upon the last victim she may have killed. Rook-hawks are not usually kept in quite so high condition as game-hawks; and if they have been treated to cooked meat for a while, they will be glad enough to exchange that rather unsavoury diet for a good feast on the fresh-killed body of even an old rook.

ÆSALON.

SUFFOLKS AT RENDLESHAM.

IT is a matter for curious speculation what the future of the Suffolk, the Shire, and the Clydesdale will be. At one moment it would seem as though their very existence was threatened by the motor-car, but then very much the same sort of feeling prevailed at the introduction of steam haulage. The fact is that in agriculture the tendency is to use much fewer horses. Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Smith wrote an essay for the Norfolk Agricultural Association that gained Lord Leicester's prize of £50, and he began it by a survey of what used to be done twenty years previously. A great many changes came into this survey, but not so many as in the second period. "In my district," he says, "and in many others, we continued to reap until 1856 or 1857. Consequently our horse-power or the whole of our cavalry forces was misapplied from the very start." To-day even the sportsman has forgotten the long stubbles that were left after harvest, and the children know nothing of the bands of shearers that used to come over from Ireland to do the harvesting. Now the use of the reaping machine is, practically

speaking, universal. That was rather in favour of the horse, since a team had to do work that previously had been accomplished



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SATURN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

by those who wielded the sickle. At present what seems likely to occur is that even for reaping purposes some kind of motor will soon be employed instead of the horse. One or two are already on the market, and a very short space of time will probably see the development of these agricultural motors so as to bring them into general use. The advantages are very obvious. Steam can only act where it is, as books on philosophy say of force, but the motor is as adaptable as a horse itself. In the language of an old song, it can plough, it can mow, it can reap, and it can sow, and it can do much more, because it can be detached from the plough and applied to all the different machines used at the farmhouses for grinding, crushing, thrashing, and so on. There is the same difference in regard to town work.

Steam was confined to hard and fast lines, and was useless for haulage purposes until an expensive set of rails had been laid down for the carriages to run on. The motor requires no permanent way. It turns and stops as easily as a horse does, and is as good for dragging the heaviest waggon as for whirling along with a light pleasure cart. Thus there is no true analogy between the introduction of the steam engine and the introduction of



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RENDLESHAM MATCHLESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

impossible, to make a winning show horse out of a twin foal. With Stella we show the great champion Suffolk stallion Saturn.

He was champion last year at the Richmond Horse Show, and this year has already been first and champion at the Woodbridge Spring Show. He would be a very rash man indeed who backed himself to produce anything equal to him in England at the present moment. Saturn, however, was not quite in show form at the time he was photographed. It will be remembered that he is one of Stella's foals, his sire being the great winning horse Wedgewood. Saturn himself, since he was foaled in 1896, when he won a prize with his dam at the Suffolk Agricultural Show, has carried off no fewer than thirty-six prizes, including ten champion special prizes and sixteen first prizes; he is also the winner of the challenge cup presented by N. Catchpole, Esq., for the best sire, dam, and foal, to be won two years. But though it is very agreeable to meet at Rendlesham so

many brilliant performers in the show-ring, it is still pleasanter, in our opinion, to see these fine horses actually at work on the



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HARROWING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the motor-cars. In Glasgow and several of our other towns the use of electricity has already had a perceptible effect in diminishing the number of horses, so that the prophet who should foretell the disuse of heavy horses for haulage purposes would have more to go on than his kind usually have. Yet that is looking a long way ahead. If we consider the present expense of motors and the probable slowness of their development, we shall be forced to come to the conclusion that the Suffolk, the Shire, and the Clydesdale are at least likely to last for more than our time.

Admirers of the Suffolk Punch will be very glad to welcome amongst our pictures the fine old mare Stella, who for so long has been a familiar figure at the principal shows. She is now fifteen years old, and, as will be seen, gave birth to twins this spring. That in itself was not a very unusual occurrence, as in breeding establishments twins are not infrequent, but it is very rare that even with hand-nursing both of them come to maturity, and still more so for the mother to be able to nurse them herself. These are very young yet, but are two bright, healthy-looking foals, and, barring accidents, should grow up into useful specimens of the breed.

That may sound a very modest hope for them, but practical breeders are aware that it is extremely difficult, if not absolutely



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BACK FROM WORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

land. Mr. Smith does not believe in keeping them solely and exclusively for purposes of exhibition, but the work on his very large farm is done wholly by the mares. Luckily, he has so many of them that there is no temptation to overtax their strength, and they seem to obtain more vigorous health, and to produce better offspring, when they are doing a certain amount of hard work.

The full merits of the stud are more apparent when a great many are seen working together. Colour is in itself an extremely good test of breeding, and if there are in the immediate ancestry of a horse any colours or possible mixtures of colours the foals have a tendency to throw back to them; but here only different shades of chestnut can be seen, and Mr. Smith has the wonderful record that during all the years he has bred horses he has never had one come of a wrong colour. There are lighter and darker shades of chestnut; some have silvery hairs in their tails, but otherwise they are perfectly uniform. This shows not only that Mr. Smith's stud has been kept free from crosses, but that the Suffolk horse must be one of our very oldest breeds. Some of its admirers claim that it is absolutely older than any other.

Our pictures, being snap-shots, also illustrate the very excellent action of the Suffolk horse, which is smarter and quicker than that of a Shire. Indeed, our pictures may be said to show the very points for which merit is claimed in the Suffolk stud book. Long ago, Arthur Young, writing of the county of Essex, dwelt on the health and hardiness of the PUNCHES used there, and instanced a farm at which seventeen horses were kept, and in ten years no change whatever had been made except the introduction of a stallion.

At one of the yearly shows of the Suffolk Society a mare was exhibited thirty-nine years old with her filly of two years old, and the compiler of the stud book asserts that it was conclusively proved that at the time when the mare gave birth to this foal she was thirty-seven years old. Many other examples of their longevity could be cited, but Stella herself with twins at fifteen will amply serve the purpose of illustrating this feature of the breed of horses. It is late in the day to speak now, and it would be invidious to make comparisons between Suffolk PUNCHES and those other beasts of burden, the Shire and the Clydesdale, but of one thing there can scarcely be any doubt, and that is that of all draught horses the Suffolk can be put to the greatest variety of employment.

A very great number of those hard and useful half-breds



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MARES AND FOALS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which we get from Ireland are produced by crossing light-bred mares with the Suffolk. In towns the Suffolk horse is put to many of the uses of the Shire, and some capital specimens may

frequently be seen in the streets hauling brewers' drays and other heavy loads. On the Continent there is a demand for them as artillery horses, and in this country they are continually used for crossing purposes to produce hacks and hunters; but Suffolk enthusiasts consider that all this praise is rather too low, as they hold that for agricultural purposes the Suffolk stands pre-eminent. This would not be a very suitable place in which to argue the point, but it may be said without any fear of contradiction that no praise can be too high for a Suffolk horse on Suffolk land; he is pre-eminently there the right animal in the right place, and Mr. Smith not only displays sound taste in his love for them, but he is also working on the very best lines. His example is one that many farmers in England might follow with great advantage. Looking at the average holding, one finds that nearly all the animals are more or less mongrels, although at this time of day one would think it would be obvious to the densest mind how much more profitable it is to keep a pedigree stock. The well-bred animal costs no more to keep than the ill-bred one, nor need it cost so very much more to acquire; at any rate, if a few useful pedigree mares are kept they will

do the work quite as well as those which have no pedigree, and their offspring represent much more capital than the offspring of the others. Through all parts of the country, and one might say through all parts of the world, there is more demand for pure-bred than for cross-bred animals.

The case of PUNCHES is only one out of many; all that we have said would apply equally well to Shires and Clydesdales. The only thing is for the farmer to consult his own taste and the requirements of the soil he has to work. Some land requires a much heavier class of horse than other land does, and some pastures suit one type of horse and are not so suitable to a different type. All this is a matter, however, for local consideration. The main point is the advantage of keeping first-rate animals on the land. In the case of Suffolks, Shires, or Clydesdales, agricultural work may be done by them quite as easily as it is by mongrels. The mares suffer no disadvantage from having to cart and plough, and the geldings may safely be kept to work on the farm till five or six years old, when the labour they do will much more than pay for their keep, and even if they be sold only as dray horses for the town the price commanded by them may range from £60 to £90 and £100. And in breeding these animals for ordinary haulage



Copyright A FINE HEAD. "C.L."



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TWINS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

purposes, which is quite a lucrative business, there is always the chance of obtaining a "plum," that is to say, a foal may turn up that will more than pay for the whole expenses of the stud.

Whether it is worth while for the ordinary tenant farmer to go in for breeding exhibition horses is a matter of doubt. Mr. Smith is perfectly right to do so, because he has received the great justification of success, and it



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STELLA AND FOALS.

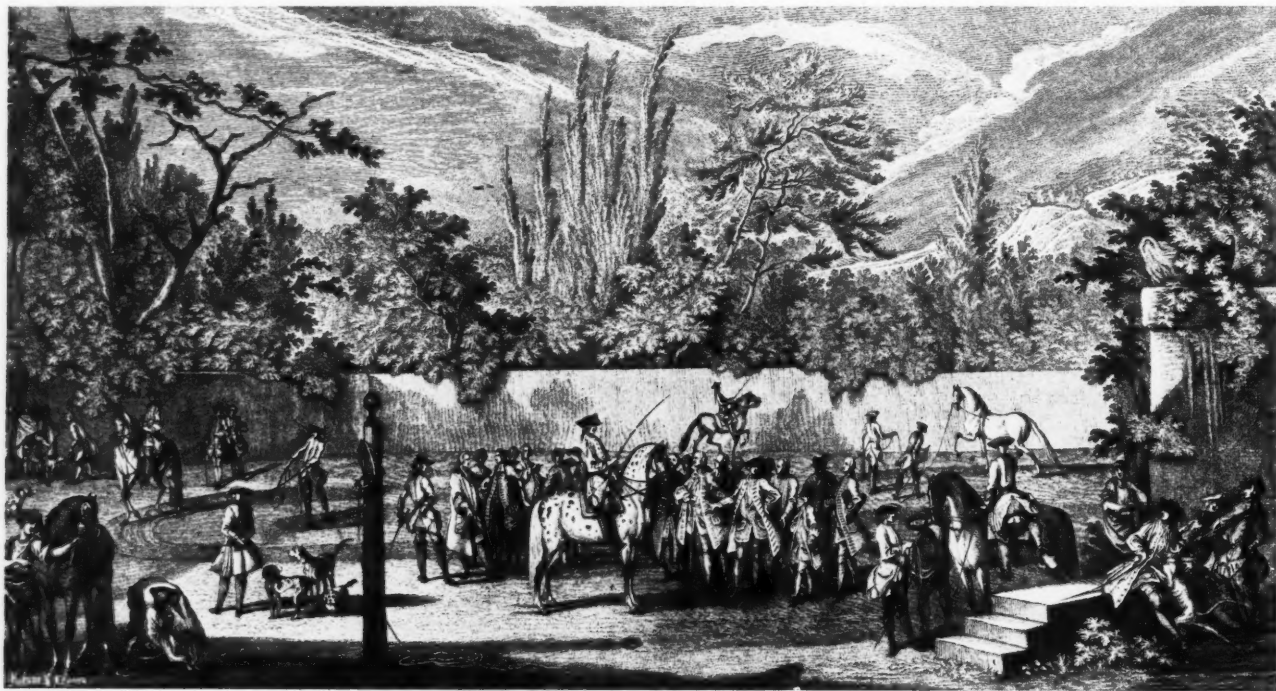
"COUNTRY LIFE."

seems to us that he subordinates mere show qualities to usefulness. The very greatest care is devoted to the breeding of the horses; greater could not be given were it designed to make of each foal a competitor for the leading prizes of the day. Mr. Smith does that on principle, and it is true not only of Punches, but of all the different animals kept on the farm. They are bred from pedigree stock, and the very best of their kind.

HORSEMANSHIP in the RIDING SCHOOL.

THE term art would not have been applied by the horseman of the old school to that kind of riding which enables a man to stick on in some fashion or other, while his horse carries him across country after, or too often on to, the hounds; nor to certain monkey-like performances on the neck of the horse by which some modern jockeys bring their mounts first past the winning-post. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, when Johann Elias Ridinger limned the pictures here given of a riding school, the art of riding meant that knowledge which enabled both horse and rider to show themselves off to best advantage, in all the dignity and ceremony befitting the position of a courtly cavalier and a

école, was the subject of endless books, pamphlets, and prints. One of the earlier and most quaint works of this kind was penned by one Maister Blundevill in 1597. He laments the lack of knowledge that the Englishmen have had, "and especially have at this present, as is best seen at a muster when the Queenes Maiesty hath need of horses and horsemen, where oftentimes ye shall see some that sit on their horses like wind-shaken reeds, handling their hands and legs like weavers, or if the horseman be good, then the horse for his part shall be so broken, as when he is spurred to go forward he will go backward, and when his rider will have him turne on the right he will turne clean contrarie, and when he should stop he will arm him selfe and run awaie, or



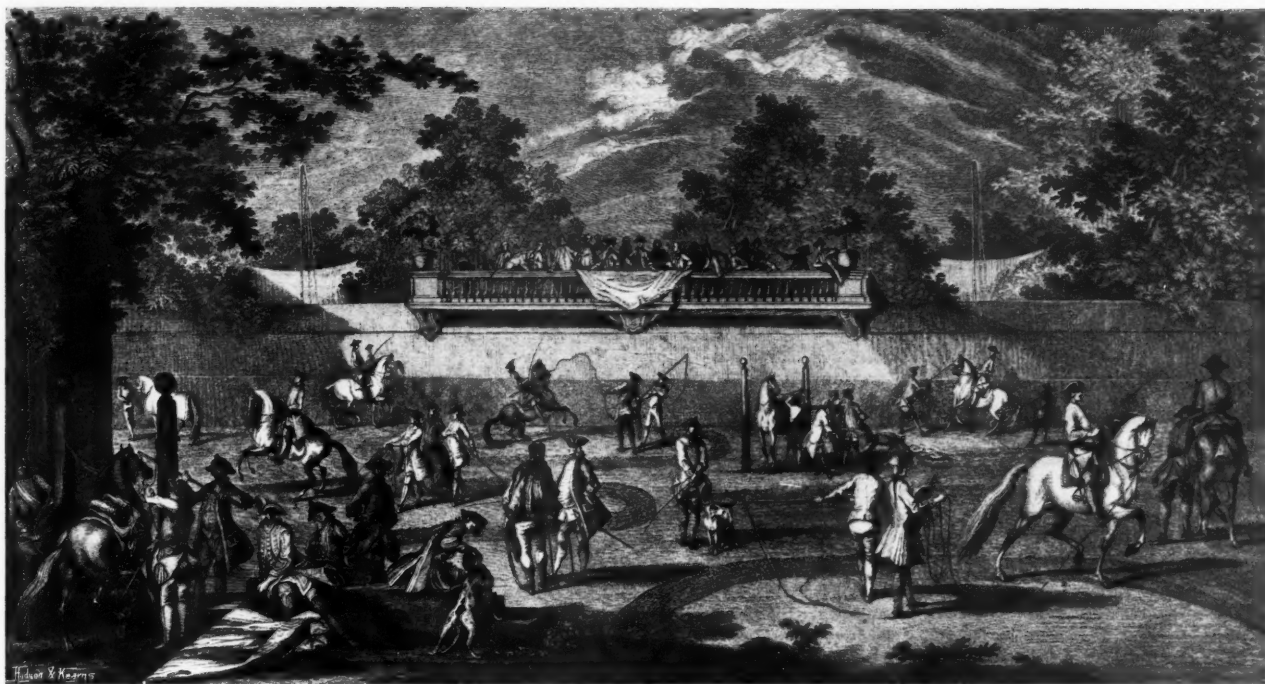
ELEMENTARY LESSONS FOR HORSE AND RIDER.

stately steed. In his time the manège, *i.e.*, the training and riding of the great horse, as the war horse was called, and the "stirer," or pleasure horse, was still considered one of the essentials of a gentleman's education. A remnant of this training of horses may still sometimes be seen at the circus or the hippodrome, but the staid courtesy, "comeliness," and "decency," indispensable to the riding school of the ancient régime, have disappeared from our midst, whether for good or for bad.

From the time of Elizabeth to the period represented by our illustrations, this art, and the training of horses for the haute

else stop sooner than his rider would have him, or use suchlike toys."

"First," says Maister Blundevill, "I found that to horse of service belong these chief points here following: That is to saie, to trot cleane, and lustilie, to stop lightlie, to turne on both hands readilie, to gallop stronglie, to manege with single turne surelie, and, last of all, to passe a carriere swiftlie. And in all his doings, from the beginning to the ending, to reine well and to beare his head steddilie. All which things are also common to the 'stirer,' but it is requisite to the stirer besides all this to learne



LEARNING TO PACE AND TROT.

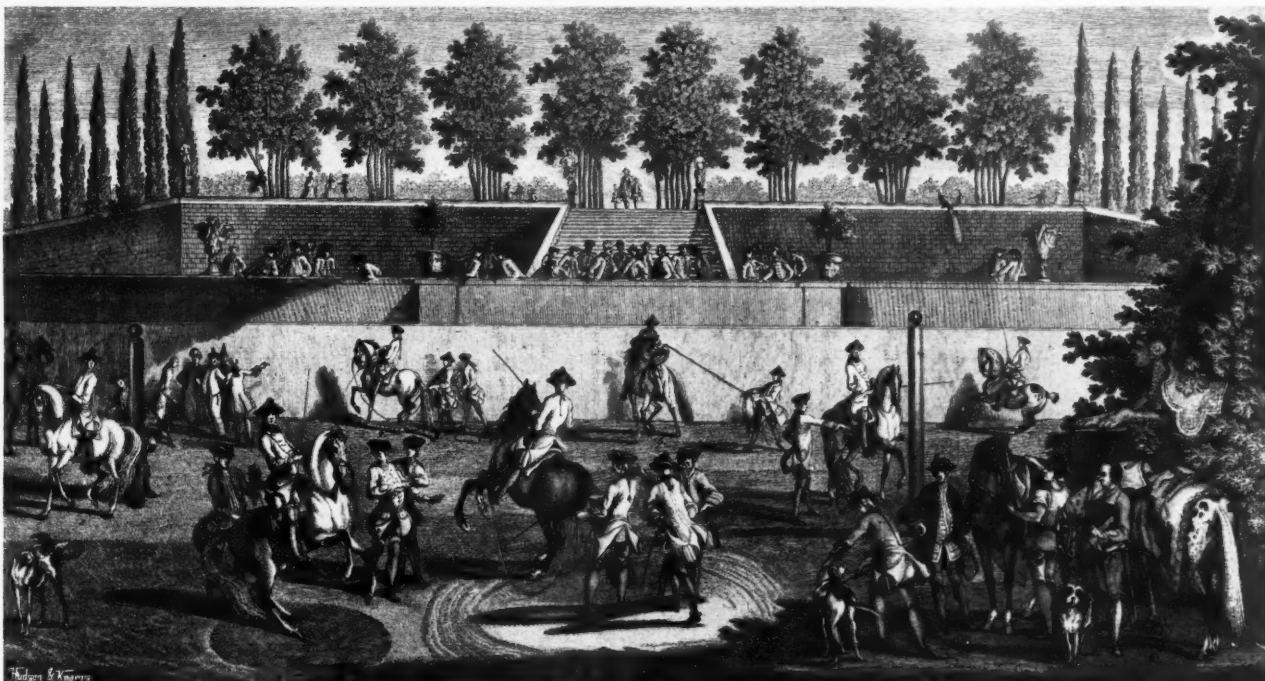
to bound aloft with al four, and to yarke withall, to gallop the gallop gaillard, to fetch the capriole, to do the corvetti, and suchlike kinds of saltes." Which shows us that although Maister Blundevill was British, he was not so insular as to object to adopting the Italian Grison's nomenclature, as well as his instructions of how horses were to be taught the various tricks of the manège. Indeed, in the French, German, as well as the English riding schools, the Spanish and Italian terms prevailed, as the latter countries were the home of fancy horsemanship.

By reading the book of Blundevill and Grison we gain a very fair notion of what is going on in our illustrations. In the first picture we have the elementary lessons for a young horse and young rider. The horse we see in the left-hand corner of the foreground is being led in blinkers till he gets accustomed to the sights of the school. In the background on the right we see one of the young ones being lunged. In the right-hand corner is the mounting-block, and the rider is learning to mount; in the centre he is seated in the correct position upright, his stirrups "neither too long nor too short, his elbows close in to his sides, his reins in his left hand close to the pommel of the saddle, and his 'rodde' borne low by the rider's thighe, but not upon his thighe, with the point upward, and before you come to the place of turning you may let it fall to the right side of his (the horse's)

head." This is all being explained to the rider and bystanders by the riding master standing in the centre group of the picture. In the background a man is trotting his horse along a wall, considered an excellent manner of teaching a horse to keep a straight line, or, as our ancient authors say, to keep a "forthright path."

A closer examination of the pictures will show us that many of the horses are not being ridden with a bit only, but besides the lunging rope there was a nose-piece to the bridle, known as the cavezan, caveson or cavezone, musrole or headstrain, a bridle with a strong hempen cord covered with leather across the horse's nose. In England the cavezan was usually a chain, and sometimes was furnished with teeth, which must have been a cruel instrument even in the lightest of hands. When the horse was first taught all his pacings up to the carriere, we are told that it was done with the French martingale and musrole, but when the horse is "perfit and reddie in all the lessons, then lay away the cavezan, and instead thereof ride him with a smooth cannon (bit) and a flying trench."

In the second illustration, on the left-hand side, a horse is tied between two pillars, and a man beats a drum close to him, while another caresses the horse with hand and whip to quiet him. On the mounting-block near by sits a man with a flag



HORSES LEARNING THE HALF TURN AND DOUBLE TURN.



CURVETTING AND PIROUETTING.

which will presently be unfurled and flourished in the horse's face, so that he may get accustomed to the drum and waving banners on parade or on the field of battle. The first lesson of the school was to teach a horse first to pace, then to trot, then to gallop round the ring, first taking, as Blundevill says, "two tornes to the right and then two tornes to the left," so that they might be handy turning on both hands. In the background a horse is being taught to back, "which will not onely staie his mouth, and make him light of head, but also to lift his legs and to be the more apt to advance before."

The third picture shows us a school, in the centre of which horses are being trained "to turne readily on both hands." There were "half turnes, whole turnes, and double turnes; the half turne is when a horse turneth on the one side, setting his head that way where his taile before stood, but if he doubleth the same and setteth his head that waie it stood at first, then it is called a whole turne, and two such turnes do make a double turne." We see two horses being taught to go sidelong, one with his hind quarters against a pillar, and the other with his head towards the pillar, and thus turning round it. In the background against the wall is another horse being taught to go "sidelong both with his foreparts and hinder parts in equal motions," as it was "of great use in the warres, and of so much delight in the place of

pleasure." The rider on the right near the wall in this picture is doing the *terra terra*, which one author describes as "how to train your horse to turn upon the ground." This especial feat was that the horse turned on his haunches, only lifting his fore feet a little above the ground, and not with a bound in the air, which was a trick they were also taught, and was called "turning aloft." The fourth picture shows us horses doing the double-turn, curvetting and pirouetting and courbetteing.

In the fifth picture the performances are more advanced. We have the *pesate*, or, as Blundevill calls it, "the advancing before," when "the horse at the stop lifteth up both his fore feet even together, and somewhat above the ground, and letteth them fall again twice or thrice together." Then came the lesson to teach the horse to *yarke behind*, *i.e.*, "to gather up his rumpe and cast out both his heels even together," which action, combined with the *pesate*, became the *capriole*, or "goat's leap." In the last picture a great noise is being made by the men in the right-hand corner. They are drumming, waving a banner, and letting off "*harquebusses*" to accustom the horses to the din. One horseman in the background has reined in his horse and is standing at parade, having finished showing his horse's feats, and along the wall behind him a horse is passing his *cariere*. The *cariere* was a short course of some four score and ten paces,



DOING THE CAPRIOLE AND BALLOTADE.

along which a horse galloped at full speed, stopped, did the pesate or turned terra terra, or with a single turn, and again galloped or passed the carriere, being forced "to run so swiftilie and so roundlie as he possibly can, even to the ende to the intent that he may stop on his buttocks." And for a proper finish to every feat of horsemanship our good Master says: "If upon every stop and conclusion (as the last of all labour) you make your horse bound and yarke out withall, it is most comely."

FLORENCE BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

CHANGES IN THE CROQUET RULES.

CROQUET is a game which, year by year, is becoming more scientific and more popular. In the old days it was the only game which ladies could and did play, and it was scarcely worthy of the name of a game, as it was merely an excuse for talk and chatter among friends in the open air and sunshine. The hoops were so wide that it was mere child's play to make the points, and the chief excitement in the game seemed to be hitting the opponent's ball into some far-distant corner of the ground, and watching

one can take a more direct aim with a heavy ball than with a light one, and it is not so easily deflected from its course by any unseen obstacle on the ground. The hoops are still exceedingly narrow, and it wants no little skill to hit a ball 3 5-8 in. in diameter through a hoop only 4 in. wide. It must be absolutely straight, as the slightest turn to either side would make it catch in the wire. The ball is in play from the instant it is put down on the starting point, 1 ft. from the first hoop, and can roquet another ball or try for the first hoop, according to the player's decision.

The chief difference in the new rules is in those dealing with "playing out of turn, or with a wrong ball." The new rule reads as follows: "When a player plays out of turn or with a wrong ball (a) On the error being announced when one stroke in error only has been played, and before the adversary plays, the ball or balls shall be replaced or left as they lie at the option of the adversary. No point made after the error shall count, and the turn, or the remainder of the turn, is lost. (b) On the error being announced when more than one stroke in error has been played, and before the adversary plays, the offender, if playing with a ball of his own side, may—provided the turn be not already concluded—make one further stroke with the same ball and the turn shall then cease. If an adversary's ball was played with the turn shall at once cease. Points made in order for any ball before the announcement of the error shall count, except if the player has played with his adversary's ball, points made for such ball shall not count. In either case the adversary



HORSEMANSHIP: ACCUSTOMING HORSES TO THE DIN OF BATTLE.

with delight her efforts to control her temper and retrieve her lost position.

Even up to late years the game was always considered rather a feeble one, the majority of people looking down upon it with vast contempt, and it was often merely an excuse for ladies to wear their best clothes, sweeping about the ground in long trailing skirts, which were shown off to great advantage by the green of the grass and trees. No other game led to so much quarrelling and squabbling as croquet; it was most trying to the temper to see one's adversary work her wicked will on one's own ball, and have to follow it humbly to whatever corner of the ground she chose to send it. Of course, when one's own turn came no more mercy was shown; but, then, somehow or other, it did not seem such a dreadful thing.

During the last few years, however, a marvellous change has come over the game, and it is really now a test of skill and judgment. It is played with great science, and almost as much thought is required as for a game of chess, as the strokes have all to be planned out ahead and the different balls placed in such positions that a long break can be successfully manœuvred, and each ball take its share in helping on the other.

The hoops are now so narrow that it is exceedingly difficult to negotiate them unless absolutely in a direct line, and the game requires a very true eye and hand.

The weight of the balls has altered in the last couple of years, as the new regulations for 1903 state in Rule No. 3 that "each ball shall weigh not less than 150z., nor more than 16½oz." The heavier balls are evidently better to play with, and

shall follow with his ball which would have been in order if no error had occurred. (c) If the adversary play without the error being announced, points made for any ball during the previous turn shall count, except if the player has played with his adversary's ball, points made for such ball shall not count. The adversary shall follow with his ball next in order to that played in error, and the sequence of balls shall follow accordingly. Should the adversary follow out of turn or with a wrong ball, the ball or balls shall be replaced, and the turn recommenced with the right ball without penalty. In the absence of an umpire, if the players cannot agree on the facts as to the points to be counted under this law, or the position of the balls if the turn has to be recommenced or the balls replaced, the striker's opinion shall prevail."

All these new rules no doubt tend to make croquet more and more a game of skill rather than a pleasant pastime for a summer afternoon. This is, of course, as it should be, but there is much to be said in favour of the old-fashioned game. It was purely a social function, and afforded ample opportunities for exchange of gossip and for mild flirtations. But the great point about it was that it enabled the philosophic observer to form an accurate and true opinion about the characters of the players. The spiteful man could not resist the temptation to drive his opponent's ball a long way beyond what is now the legal boundary, while a more magnanimous player strove to make hoops for himself and his partner rather than to destroy the chances of his opponents. All this is changed now, and croquet is a game of skill to be played in deadly earnest.

MAY HEZLET.



V. Woodhouse.

WAVE, WIND, AND OAR.

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A MAN'S DIPLOMACY.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

"WHERE be goin', William?"
 "Oh, I be jest steppin' up to the Pure Drop."
 And William Faithfull brought back his abstracted gaze from the horizon, where it habitually rested when it was not required for practical purposes in the exercise of his profession, and fixed itself somewhat shamefacedly on his interlocutor.

He was a tall, loose-limbed man, of about forty, with an expression of countenance chronically dismal, except at such times when he was employed in some particularly genial task, such as making a coffin, or repairing the church trestles, when his neighbours averred that he became quite lively, and even whistled as he worked.

His crony now returned his glance with a jocular one, and slapped his thigh ecstatically.

"Well, I never seed such a chap! Faithfull by name and faithful by natur'—ah, sure you are. Why, 'tis nigh upon twelve year, bain't it, since ye started coortin' Martha Jesty?"

"Somewhere about that," replied William; and his countenance, already ruddy in the sunset glow, assumed a still deeper tint.

"Well, I never!" returned the other with a crow of laughter. "She be gettin' on pretty well, now—I d' 'low she'll be a staid woman by the time you wed her."

William shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "I d' 'low she be worth waitin' for. She be wonderful clever, Martha be—an' that sprack! No, I don't regret it—not at all I don't."

"Bain't the wold man anyways comin' round?" enquired his friend with his head on one side.

"No," returned Faithfull, gloomily. "Not at all. But he be so terr'ble punished, poor wold chap, one can't expect rayson off he."

"'Tis the rheumatics, bain't it?" was the next query in a commiserating tone.

"'Tis the sky-attics," replied the carpenter, not without a certain pride in his pseudo-father-in-law's distinguished ailment. "There, he be so scragged as anything—all doubled up by times. Martha do say he goes twisty-like same as a eel, when it do take en real bad."

"Lard, now!" ejaculated the other.

"'E-es," said William, shaking his head—"that's how it do take en. So, as Martha do say, ye can't expect the onpossible. 'If my father,' says she, 'be so scram-like in his out'ard man, how can ye look for en to act straightferrard? He've a-set his mind again' the notion of us gettin' wed, so we must just wait till he be underground. And then,' says she, 'I'll not keep 'ee waitin' a minute longer.'"

"Well, that's handsome," agreed the friend, "but I'm afeard, William, that there complaint bain't like to carry en off very soon—no, not so very soon. Nay, I've a-knowned folks keep on a-livin' in a way that 'ud surprise ye, as was fair bent in two wi' pains in all their j'int. I reckon you'll very like go first ye'self, William."

After a pause of deep depression the carpenter's face lighted up.

"The sky-attics, d'ye see, Tom," he explained condescendingly—"the sky-attics is a new-fayshioned ailment, and a deal dangerouser nor the wold rheumatiz and newralgy and sich. Why, when I did mention to Parson t'other day about wold Jesty's sky-attics he did laugh. 'Sky-attics,' says he. 'Then he be like to go up'ards afore very long,' says he. Well, so long, Tom, I mun be steppin' up-along now."

"Ye'll find the wold fellow a bit tilty," remarked Tom; "whether them there 'attics was troublin' en or not I can't say, but he was a-shoutin' and a bally-raggin' o' that poor faymale

while I was drinkin' my drap o' beer jest now, till I wonder she wasn't dathered."

William's recent elation disappeared; he vouchsafed no comment on the unwelcome news, however, but with a sidelong nod at his crony, shambled away, swinging his long limbs as though every joint of them were loose.

The Pure Drop was situated a stone's throw from the village, and stood at the junction of four cross roads; a most excellent position, which enabled it to waylay, as it were, not only the inhabitants of the hamlet as they set forth for or returned from their day's avocations, but to capture most of the travellers who journeyed that way—cyclists galore, waggoners, dusty pedestrians. It must be owned that the aspect of the little place was inviting enough to tempt even a teetotaller. The low red-brick house overgrown with creepers, the mullioned windows winking brightly in the sun in summer, and in winter letting streams of ruddy firelight flow forth. It was so clean and airy, so cosy and trim, that those who went thither for the first time vowed they would return again, and old customers winked and nodded knowingly, and declared that the place had not its like in the country. The liquor was good, and the prudent folk who called for tea might have it, and a crusty home-baked loaf into the bargain, and a roll of fresh butter of Martha's making.

Then Martha herself—if she was no longer in the first bloom of youth, she was a tidy, clean-skinned, pleasant-looking little body; and if her eye was sharp and her tongue ready, she was none the less popular on these accounts; everyone got hauled over the coals from time to time, and when it was not your turn it was pleasant enough to see other folks made to look foolish.

Miss Jesty was standing in the open doorway when her lover came up, and immediately made a warning sign to him.

"Ye mustn't come in to-night, William. Father—there! he's something awful this evenin', an' he've a-been on the look-out for ye, so to speak, ever since dinner-time. Whenever the door do go, 'There,' he'll cry, 'is that that good-for-nothin' William Faithfull?' Or if there's a knock, 'Tis that sammy o' thine, for sure,' he'll say."

"Oh, an' does he?" returned poor William, with a deeper expression of melancholy.

Martha nodded portentously.

"Ye mustn't come in to-day," she said with decision; "no, not even for a minute. Father, he did say to I jist now, as whatever happened he wouldn't have no cwortin' here. 'If ye can have the heart to think about cwortin' when I'm that bad as I be,' says he, 'I'll take and alter my will.' So there's nothin' for it but for you to turn about and go home again."

"I weren't so much thinkin' o' cwortin' this evenin', Martha," said the swain very meekly. "I wer' lookin' for a drap o' beer—I be terrible dry."

Martha hesitated for a moment, and in this interval a kind of bellow sounded from the interior of the house.

"That's him!" she cried in terror. "No, William, ye can't have no beer to-night. I dursen't stay another minute. Go home-along, do, an' if ye be so thirsty as that comes to, can't ye get a bottle o' 'pop' at Mrs. Andrews'?"

William gazed at her blankly, but before he could protest his charmer had disappeared within the house, and he was forced very dolefully to retrace his steps. He did indeed purchase the bottle of "pop," but found it by no means exhilarating; in fact, as he laid his head on the pillow that night he was tempted to think he might pay too high a price even for the privilege of becoming Martha's husband.

When on the following Sunday evening, however, he walked in the shady lane hand in hand with his sweetheart, he forgot how irksome was this time of trial, and listened with the melancholy satisfaction which was his nearest approach to cheerfulness (on ordinary occasions) to the glowing picture with which she depicted the reward earned by his constancy.

"I do r'alely think as poor father be a-breakin' up," she remarked, consolingly. "When winter comes I reckon he'll not be able to hold out. Well," she added piously, "'tis what comes to us all, soon or late, and I'm sure he be well prepared, for I don't think he've a-had a day's health this twenty year. 'Twill be a mercy when he do go, poor wold man. And the winter 'ud be a very nice time for us to get married, William; 'twould suit us very well, wouldn't it?"

"Ah, sure," said William, with a slow smile.

"We shouldn't be so busy then, d'ye see," resumed Martha. "The harvestin' 'ud be done and the potato-gettin'; and there wouldn't be so many by-cyclists—there's not so much goin' backwards and forrards in winter-time. We shouldn't be at much loss if we was to take a holiday."

"Ah," said William, with mournful rapture, "you was thinkin' of us takin' a holiday, was ye, Martha?"

"I thought we mid go to London," cried Miss Jesty, triumphantly. "I have always longed to go to London and see the sights there, and go to the theaters. There! Susan Inkpen as wed Miller Dewey did go up to London for her honeymoon."

"For her what?" interrupted Faithfull.

"For her honeymoon—her weddin'-journey—the jaunt what folks do take when they gets wed."

"Oh, to be sure," said the carpenter. "An' you an' me be to go to London for our honeymoon, be we?"

"E-es," cried Martha with a chuckle. "We'll have a rale week's pleasin', you an' me. If 'tis winter-time—as most like 'twill be, on account o' poor father's sky-attics, ye know—the pantomines 'ull be goin' on. Susan Dewey did go, an' she said they was the wonderfulest things, wi' fairies an' mermaids, and sich-like, an' clown an' Pantaloon a-knockin' of each other about. There, she and her husband did fair split their sides wi' laughin'."

William appeared to survey this prospect stolidly, and made no comment, and Miss Jesty continued eagerly:

"Then there'd be the waxworks, and the Zoo, where all the wild beasts is kept; an' we'd go an' see the Tower o' London, where all the King's jools an' suits of armour is set out, an' we'd go to Westminster Abbey—"

"What's that?" enquired Mr. Faithfull, dubiously.

Martha was taken a-back for a moment.

"Susan went to see it," said she, hesitatingly, "so I s'pose 'tis worth lookin' at. 'Tis a wold ancient church."

"A wold church?" repeated William, shaking his head. "I d' 'low I shouldn't care so much to see that. I'd sooner wait till 'twas done up fresh-like. I never cared at all for goin' into our church till the rector had it cleaned and painted-up so good as new. I think 't 'ud be a foolish kind o' thing to go trapesin' off to yon—what-d'-ye-call-it—Abbey till they get it re-paired."

"Well, maybe not," agreed Martha, cheerfully; "there's plenty more to be seen wi'out that. Well, I hope the Lord 'ull spare father so long as it be good for en, poor dear man, but if he was to be took, I hope as it may be in the winter, William."

William, who had been trailing beside her arm-in-crook, suddenly stopped short and faced her with a determined air.

"Whether he do go in winter or whether he do go in summer, Martha," said he, "you an' me must be called home so soon as he be laid under ground, mind that."

And having come to the turn in the lane where they usually parted, William went his way, leaving Martha somewhat in doubt whether to be pleased at this proof of ardour or indignant at his sudden display of spirit.

Though a wilful woman is proverbially supposed to have her way, it sometimes happens that, even when she proposes, Heaven disposes events otherwise than she would have had them. Thus, though Martha Jesty had made arrangements for her father to depart this life in the winter, a time when business should be conveniently slack, that worthy old gentleman was removed from this earthly sphere in the very height of summer, when the harvest was in full swing, and more than an ordinary number of tourists halted daily for refreshment at the Pure Drop.

Tidings of this melancholy event were imparted to William by a group who entered his yard on the morning of the occurrence, each eager to be the first to tell the news. That old Mr. Jesty was gone was an incontrovertible fact, but none of the news-mongers could agree as to the precise ailment which had carried him off. He had had a bit of a cold for a day or two, but while some said it had turned to "browntitus," others were sure it was "poomonia"; and one shrill-voiced old lady delivered it as her opinion that nothing short of an "apple-complex" could have carried him off that sudden.

Beyond sundry "ohs" and "ahs" and grunts indicative of surprise and sympathy, William made no remark, though when one facetious bystander observed that it would be his turn next—a somewhat obscure phrase, which might be interpreted in a variety of ways—he grinned appreciatively.

No sooner had the gossips departed, however, than he went indoors and assumed his coat, and immediately betook himself, not to the Pure Drop, but to the Rectory.

"The Reverend," as his parishioners frequently called him, was sitting in his study, tranquilly reading his *Times*, when William Faithfull was ushered in.

"You'll have heard the noos, sir," he began, abruptly; "old Abel Jesty up to the Pure Drop, he's gone at last."

"Oh!" said the Rector, looking rather startled; "that's sudden, isn't it?"

"E-es," said William, with a wooden face; "sudden, but not unpre-pared. Martha has been a-lookin' for en to go this ten year."

"Oh!" said the Rector again, this time a little uncertainly.

"E-es," resumed William; "I thought I'd call an' tell ye, so as ye need lose no time in settlin' things."

"About the funeral, I suppose you mean?" put in the clergyman as he paused.

"No," said William, who was gazing not only over the Rector's head, but apparently through the wall at some distant sky-line; "about the weddin'—mine and Martha's. Ye mid call us over on Sunday."

"Really, William, I think that is too sudden," said the Rector; "why, the poor old man won't have been dead a week!"



J. Gale.

THE OPEN ROAD

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"He be so dead as ever he'll be," returned William, still gazing impenetrably at that far point in an imaginary horizon. "Martha and I have a-made it up years ago, and settled as she'd not keep me waitin' no longer after her father was took. I'll thank ye to call us home, sir."

And with that he scraped a leg and pulled his forelock and withdrew, leaving the Rector, half scandalised, half amused, murmuring to himself as the door closed something about "funeral baked-meats," which William set down as a "bit o' voolishness."

He found Martha plunged in the most praiseworthy grief, thereby much edifying the neighbours who had gathered together to condole with her; but William, who could only see the other aspect of the affair, immediately beckoned her on one side and informed her of the step he had taken.

"Lard!" cried she, genuinely taken a-back, "whatever made ye do that? Why, father 'ull only be buried o' Thursday. You shouldn't ha' done it wi'out axin' me. 'Tis too sudden. The folks 'ull say we've no decency."

"Let 'em say what they like," returned William, firmly. "I'll keep to my 'greement, an' I expect you to do the same. 'Twas drawed out ten year ago, an' more. I've stuck to my word, an' you must stick to your'n."

"'Twill be a very onconvenient time," said Martha, reflectively. "Three-week come Monday—the middle of August that'll be, jist when we do take more money nor any other month in the year."

William cracked his finger joints one after another with great decision, but made no verbal reply.

"There, I've a-been lookin' forrard to our honeymoon all these years," complained Martha, fresh tears rushing to her eyes; "it'll be a shame, I declare, if we have to give it up! I've never took a holiday, no, not since mother died. I don't see how we can get away then, William."

"I don't care so much about get in' away," said Faithfull, resolutely. "'Tis the weddin' I do want. I'll not have no shilly-shally. I've a-told ye hundreds of times as I wouldn't wait a day longer nor I could help—and I won't wait. You'd best make up your mind to it."

"Why, whatever's come to ye!" cried Martha, really angry. "'Tis downright indecent to go upsettin' me like this in the midst o' my trouble. 'Tisn't for you to be namin' the day either. Jist you keep a civil tongue in your head, William, and have a bit o' patience—maybe about Michaelmas—"

"Michaelmas!" ejaculated the carpenter, catching up his hat and fixing it firmly on his head. "I'll tell ye summat,

Martha—I'm goin' to get married o' Monday three-week, whatever you mid be. If ye can't make up your mind to it there's them as will. I'll go warrant my cousin Sabina, over to Sturminster, 'ud have me if I was to ax her. Her and me was always very thick. Gully, that's her husband, left her very comfortable, and she has but the one little maid."

Martha thereupon came round in a twinkling, and, flinging herself into his arms, promised to agree to everything he wished. A tender scene ensued, at the end of which William suggested that he had better go upstairs to measure the poor old man for his coffin.

When he came down again he found Martha in the midst of her cronies, to whom she had imparted, with a kind of regretful elation, the extreme pressure which William had brought to bear upon her with regard to their approaching nuptials, at which recital all her hearers were much impressed and edified.

She turned to her lover as he was about to leave the house: "Ye'll not be chargin' me nothin', I shouldn't think," she remarked, with mournful archness.

William, who had not hitherto considered the matter, hesitated for a moment, and then observed handsomely:

"Nothin' but the price o' the wood, my dear. You shall have the labour free."

"Lard bless the man!" cried she, with some irritation. "I believe he's goin' to make out a bill for it. Why, don't ye see, William, if we're to be man an' wife in three-week, 'twill be but takin' the money out o' one pocket to put it in the other?"

"And that's true," agreed the friends in chorus.

After a pause, during which the carpenter had thoroughly mastered the situation, he turned to his intended, and, with a sudden burst of generosity, informed her that he would make her a present of the whole thing.

"I haven't gied you so very much afore now," said he, "but I'll make you a present o' this, my dear, an' welcome."

And he walked away, while Martha, looking after him through her tears, observed that there wasn't a better-natured man in the whole of England.

William, indeed, was in such good humour at the approaching fruition of his hopes that Martha found him more amenable than ever to her views.

Therefore, when, a day or two after the funeral, she encountered him on his way to the tailor's, where he intended, as he informed her, to order his wedding suit, she was emboldened to lay her hand on his arm and beseech him tearfully to be married, like her, in "deep."

"'Twill show proper feelin'," said she. "All the neighbours 'ull know that you are showin' respect to poor father; and since ye'll be jist comin' into the family, 'twill be but decent as you should wear black for him what's gone."

William, who had been dreaming of a certain imposing stripe which had dazzled him, days before, in the tailor's window, among the pile labelled "Elegant Trouserings," now dismissed with a sigh the alluring vision, and promised to appear in mourning as requested.

But when later on Martha unfolded to him another plan, he gave in his adherence to it with some reluctance. It was no less a proposition than that they should take their honeymoon by turns.

"You see," she explained, "it just falls out that the weddin's the very week o' the Branston show—the house 'ull be full from morn till night for three days or more; an' we turn over enough that week to pay the year's rent, very near. 'Twouldn't do for us both to be away."

William gazed at her with a more rueful face than she had ever yet beheld in him.

"Dear now! don't you take on," urged Martha. "I thought, d'ye see, I'd just pop up to London for a few days by myself, and you can stop and mind the house, an' maybe sometime in the winter we mid both on us take a few days together somewhere."

William gazed at her reproachfully.

"Ye didn't ought to want to go a-pleasurin' wi'out I," said he.

"No more I would, my dear," returned his future better-half, "if it could be helped. But 'twas yourself as named the day, and if ye won't have it put off—"

The carpenter, with a vigorous shake of the head, intimated that he certainly would not have it put off.

"Well, then," summed up Martha, triumphantly, "ye must agree to let me have a bit o' honeymoon. 'Tis what every bride expects, an' 'tis the one thought what have kept my heart up all these years. I've always promised myself this holiday afore I settled down to wedded life."

William stared at her gloomily, but made no further opposition; and she informed him in a cheerful tone that he need not fear her staying away too long.

"We'll have the weddin' o' Monday mornin'," said she, "quite private-like. The neighbours all know we can't have a

great set-out here, on account o' poor father. And you can carry my bag to the station directly we leave church, an' I'll be back again Saturday night, so as we can go to church together Sunday mornin'. Will that do ye?"

"'Twill have to do me, I s'pose," returned William, still with profound melancholy.

"'Tis by your own wish, ye know," said the bride; "if you hadn't held out for us to be married all in such a hurry, I'm sure I should have been glad for us to take our honeymoon together, my dear. But ye can't have everythin' in this world."

"No," agreed Faithfull, with a groan; "no, that ye can't. 'Twould ha' been more nat'ral-like to go on our honeymoon together; but what must be, must be."

On the Monday morning the much-discussed wedding took place; bride and bridegroom were alike clad in new and glossy black, Martha's blushing countenance being scarcely visible beneath her crape "fall."

The villagers were all much impressed; there is nothing indeed that the rustic mind so thoroughly appreciates as the panoply of woe, and to find this mourning ceremonial united with marriage pomp was felt to be a rare privilege, and, as such, productive of sincere admiration.

When the wedded pair left church, their friends and neighbours hastened to offer congratulations, attuned to a becoming note of dismalness, which intimated that condolence lay behind; and it was a rude shock for all when William was suddenly hailed in a tone of most discordant cheerfulness. A tall, black-eyed woman had suddenly rushed forward and seized him by the hand.

"There, now! So I wasn't in time after all! I made sure I'd get here soon enough to see the weddin'. I did always say I'd come to your weddin', didn't I, William? I thought it very unkind of ye not to ax me."

"'Twas very private-like, d'ye see, Sabina," said William, who had been energetically pumping her hand up and down. "Martha, here—I mean Miss Jesty, no, I mean Mrs. Faithfull—she did want it private, along of her father being dead."

"Have ye been a-buryn' of en to-day?" interrupted the newcomer with an awestruck glance at his sable garb. "No, no—of course not. But why did ye go for to get married in deep?"

"My 'usband," said Martha, repressively, "thought it but right to show respect to them that's gone, Mrs. Gully—I think



ye said your cousin's name was Gully, William; I s'pose this is your cousin?"

"'E-es, to be sure," agreed the owner of that name, cheerfully. "Half-cousin, if ye like it better—our mothers was two brothers' daughters."

"Indeed," said Martha, stiffly. "I must wish 'ee good-day now, for William an' me be in a hurry to catch train."

Mrs. Gully's jaw dropped, and the carpenter, after hastily explaining that they weren't having any party along of the mourning, invited her to come home and take a bite o' summat with him and his wife before they went to the station.

A frown from Martha intimated that she considered this hospitality ill-timed, but William stuck to his point, and they all three turned their steps together towards the Pure Drop.

"I think I'll hurry on and change my dress," remarked Martha, after stalking on for some moments in silence.

She was not going to travel in her best black and get the crape all messed about with dust.

"Don't mind me, William, my dear," said Sabina, when the bride had left them. "If you're wantin' to change your deep, ye'd best hurry on, too, maybe."

"I've no need to change my suit," returned William, sorrowfully. "I bain't a-goin' on the honeymoon."

"What!" cried the widow, in astonishment. "She's never goin' to leave ye on your weddin' day?"

"She be," said Mr. Faithfull, slowly. "It do seem a bit hard, but we couldn't both on us leave the house, an' she haven't a-had a holiday for twenty year. Ye see, it fell out this way."

And he proceeded to explain the circumstances, already related, on which Mrs. Gully animadverted with much warmth.

They were still discussing the matter when Martha rejoined them in the private room of the Pure Drop, where a slight refection had been set forth.

This was partaken of hastily, and for the most part in silence, and at its conclusion Mrs. Faithfull jumped up and took a ceremonious farewell of her new cousin. William shouldered

his wife's bag and set forth beside her. Martha beguiled the walk to the station by a variety of injunctions, all of which the new landlord of the Pure Drop promised to heed and obey. It was not until she had actually taken her seat in the railway-carriage that she found time for sentiment, and then, embracing her husband, she expressed the affectionate hope that he would not be lonely during her absence.

William clambered out of the compartment and carefully closed the door before he answered:

"Well, I shan't be altogether that lonely. Sabina—she be a-comin' to keep I company till ye come back."

"What!" cried Mrs. Faithfull, thrusting a scared face out of the window. "You don't mean to say ye took on yerself to ax her to stop in my house?"

The whistle sounded at this juncture, but William walked beside the train as it slowly moved off.

"I didn't ax her. 'Twas she herself as did say, when she heerd you were a-goin' for to leave I all by mysel', says she,

'I'll tell 'ee what, Will'um; I'll take a holiday, too, and——'" A loud and prolonged shriek from the engine drowned the remainder of the sentence, and the train steamed away, the last sign of the new-made bride being the agitated waving of a protesting hand from the carriage window.

The carpenter was smoking a ruminative pipe, about four o'clock on that same afternoon, in the doorway of the snug little hostelry, of which he now found himself master, when he was suddenly hailed by a distracted voice from the road.

"William! for the Lord's sake, William, do 'ee come and ketch hold of this here bag!"

William removed his pipe, stared, and then wedging the stem firmly in the corner of his mouth, rushed down the path and up the roadway.

"Bless me, Martha, be ye comed back again? Tired o' London a'ready?"

"No, my dear, I didn't ever get so far as London," cried Martha, thrusting the bag into his hand, and throwing herself in

a heated and exhausted condition upon his neck. "I didn't go no further than Templecombe. There, I'd no sooner started nor I did feel all to once that I couldn't a-bear to leave 'ee. I fair busted out a-cryin' in the train."

"Did ye?" said Faithfull, much gratified.

"I did indeed," resumed his wife. "'Oh,' says I, 'how could I ever treat en so unfair,' says I, 'arter all them years as him an' me was a-walkin'! Oh,' says I, 'when I think of his melancholy face, an' this his weddin' day an' all.' So I nips out at Templecombe, an' gets another ticket, an' pops into the train as were just startin' Branston way—an' here I be."

"Well, an' I be pure glad to see ye," cried William, heartily.

They had by this time reached the house, and Mrs. Faithfull, still breathless with fatigue and agitation, stared anxiously about.

"Where is she?" she enquired in a whisper.

"Who?" said William, setting down the bag.

"Why, your Cousin Sabina!"

"Oh, her!" said

William, with something like a twinkle in his usually lack-lustre eye; "she be gone home-along to fetch her things an' lock up her house. She says she'll come back to-morrow mornin' first thing."

"Well, but we don't want her now, do we?" cried Martha, trembling with eagerness. "I was thinkin' maybe, after all, ye'd fancy a bit of a holiday, William. Ye might drop her a bit of a line an' say ye was goin' to take the first honeymoon yerself. I fancy ye'd like London very well, William. You should have the first turn, by right, the man bein' Master; an' I mid be able to run up for a couple o' days at the end o' the week. Here's my ticket, d'ye see; you could catch the last train, you know, an' then, as I tell 'ee, I'd come an' j'ine ye."

"That won't do," said William, firmly; "nay, 'twon't do."

"Why not?" gasped Martha.

"Ye may pop that ticket in the fire," said William, speaking slowly, and suffering his countenance to relax gradually. "'Taint no manner of use to I. I—be—a-goin'—for to stop—an' keep—my—honeymoon—here—along of 'ee."



J. Costor.

IN AN ENGLISH PARK.

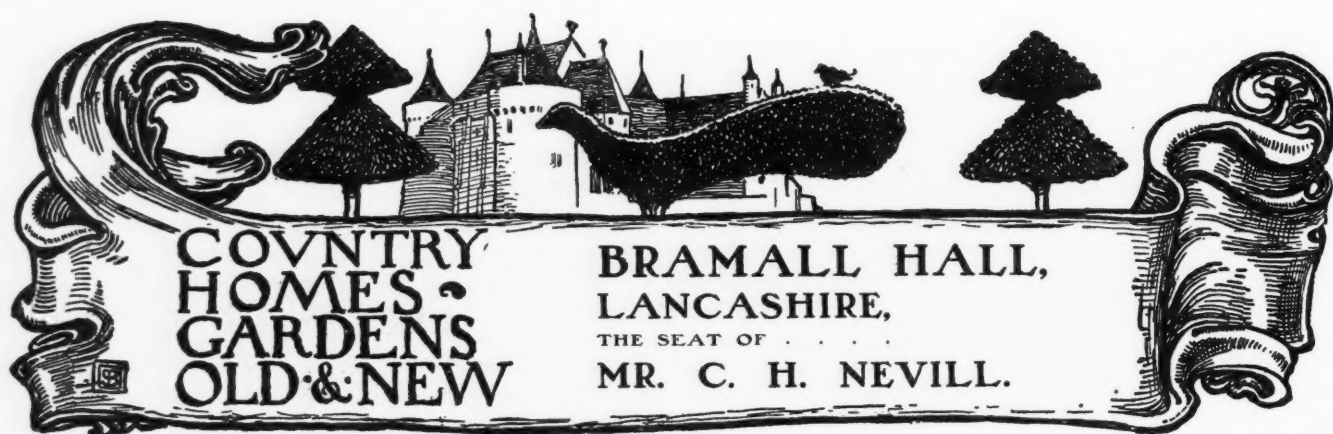
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"RING A RING O' ROSES."

M. Emil Frechon.

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THE ancient seat of the Davenports, after passing, some years ago, through a critical period in its long history, has now fallen upon good and seemly days. The line of its old possessors is no longer represented there, but, in the hands of Mr. Nevill, who purchased it, it is safe from some dangers that threatened it, and is maintained with judicious care and with a true love for its great and beautiful features. It certainly ranks among the most interesting of the old half-timber structures of Lancashire and Cheshire, and it stands in an advantageous situation, two miles and a-half south of Stockport, elevated on a terraced knoll, commanding a view of the Lyme Hills, with trees clustered about it, and with a slope below to a little stream—a tributary of the Mersey—which flows through the park. We have illustrated so many of these venerable edifices that their character is by this time fairly well known to all our readers. Bramall Hall, like most of them, was located by its builders in a situation presenting some advantages for the defence. On the north and east the ground falls away to

the stream, and it may be assumed that there was originally either a moat alone or a moat combined with other defensive works. It is not easy to fix the exact date of the earlier parts of the structure, but it is known that the upper portions were built by Sir William Davenport and Dame Dorothy between 1590 and 1600. There can be little doubt that the more ancient parts are about a century and a-half older.

The place is named Bromale in Domesday, but has been variously spelled, sometimes as Bramall and sometimes as Bramhall. The Earl of Chester gave the estate to Hamo de Masci of Dunham Massey, and in the latter part of the twelfth century, one Matthew de Bromale, who took his name from the place, was in possession. His descendants for several generations lived there, but at the end of the fourteenth century, the elder co-heiress of Geoffrey de Bromale having married John de Davenport, the estate passed to the family which continued to hold it until a few years ago. The new owner, who died about the year 1400, was followed in possession by his son, grandson,





"COUNTRY LIFE."

PART OF THE WEST FRONT.

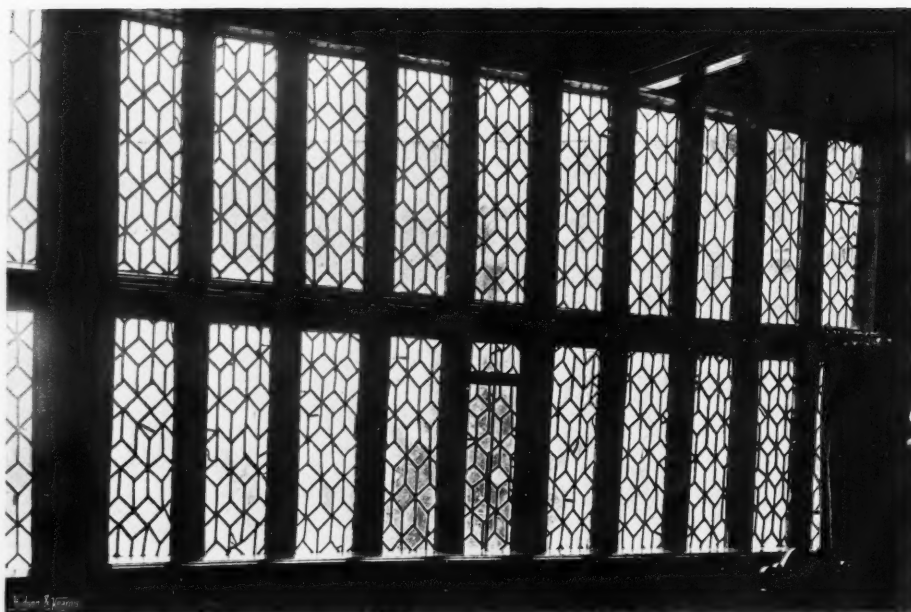
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and other male descendants, until the estate came to Sir William Davenport, who was knighted at Leith, near Edinburgh, in 1544. Long before this time Bramall Hall had risen upon the hill, and no doubt successive owners added to its beauties. The two grandsons of Sir William Davenport were another Sir William and Sir Humphrey, the latter of whom became Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The former married Dorothy, the daughter of John Warren of Poynton, descended from the great Earls of Warren.

As we have said, it was in the time of Sir William and Dame Dorothy that the house was subjected to considerable changes, which gave it almost the aspect it bears to-day. We shall, however, before describing the place, continue the story of its possessors. William Davenport, son of Sir William Davenport, sided with the Royal party in the Civil War, and

suffered considerably in consequence, for the country thereabout generally favoured the Parliament. On the outbreak of hostilities, his tenants wrote a singular letter to him, beseeching him either to bend his "intentions that way which wee maye with upright harts and safte consciences cleave to you both in lyffe and death," or else "that youre Worspe will not repute us ill-affected or false-hearted tenants in refusing to venture our lyves in causes

that our harts and consciences doe perswade us are not good or lawewfull, nor such as wee dare safelee and with conscience maintayne and defend you in." William Davenport took two days to consider his answer to this remarkable document, but his faithful tenants saved him the trouble of a reply by enrolling themselves in the Parliamentary forces on the next day. His diary is full of details of the movements of troops, and gives a long account of



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OLD LEAD-LIGHTED WINDOWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE EAST DOORWAY.

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THE SOUTH WING.

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his troubles. Some of his friends were on the side of the Parliament, and one of them, Sir William Brereton, actually quartered troops in his house and seized arms out of it. Ultimately Davenport was charged with delinquency against the Parliament, and was mulcted in a fine of £750. Even his own tenants roughly entered his house and searched it, threatening to break open any chest kept locked, while musketeers were holding guard in the park, "with their matches lighted." The cavalier possessor of Bramall died in 1655. His descendants in the male line continued to hold the place until William Davenport, dying in 1829, left no legitimate issue, but adopted two daughters, of whom one married Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir) Salusbury Price Humphreys, who took the name of Davenport in 1838. This gentleman's grandson succeeded to the estate on attaining his majority, but it was heavily encumbered, and was sold in 1877 to a Manchester estate company for £190,000, being afterwards purchased by Mr. Nevill, who, by effecting many improvements and by making extensive plantations, has greatly beautified the place.

The main front of this fine timbered structure faces the east, and has at the back, on



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WINDOW ON THE STAIRWAY.

"C.L."

the west side, a courtyard, of which three sides remain. The principal entrance is on the west, and it has been questioned whether the quadrangle was ever enclosed with buildings, as in many houses of that part of England. The matter seems to be set at rest by a note made by the Rev. John Watson, who made a survey of Bramall about 1774, and says: "This house was originally built round a court, but the present owner (William Davenport) has wisely taken down one useless side, and made it both more pleasant and more healthful." In taking down the western side of the quadrangle considerable changes were necessarily made, and the north and south wings were shortened. It is even now doubtful whether the range of buildings removed consisted of a gate-house, as at Moreton and Wardley Halls, or structures ranging with the north and south wings, as at Speke and other places. The former seems more probable. Traces of alterations are found in the house, and the great hall and the withdrawing-room over it appear to be of later date than the south wing. The more exposed parts of the mansion, particularly on the south side, have been rebuilt in brick, though much of the ancient timber remains. It may be surmised that the west side



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THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

had fallen into some disrepair when it was removed.

On approaching the courtyard the whole range of buildings is clearly seen, and the beautiful and picturesque character of the work is most attractive and impressive. In the midst, the great hall is conspicuous with its fine bay and porch, while the banquetting-room is in the south wing on the right, and the servants' hall and kitchen quarters in the north wing on the left. We enter through the gabled porch and reach the great hall, which is characteristic and beautiful, but differs from like apartments in many houses in being comparatively low, the height from floor to ceiling being about 12ft., and there is no minstrels' gallery. The size of the hall is some 36ft. by 26ft. The arrangements were originally such as existed in all such places. At the end at which we enter was the screen, shutting off the lobby, and by this way came the servitors from the kitchen. At the other end was the high table, with the oriel window on the lord's left hand, and there are the usual doors behind the table leading to other apartments. The bay is a half octagon, and opposite to the window is a grand arched fireplace, splendidly moulded and carved, adorned with arms



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WINDOW IN THE GREAT HALL.

"C.L."

and armour, and enclosing a cosy ingle-nook. It dates from 1609. The windows of the hall have most beautiful ornamental leadwork. The central window has seven lights, with wooden mullions, divided by a transom, while the projecting bay has fifteen lights in all. On the east side is another window, which is rather unusual, with painted glass, displaying the arms of Davenport quartering Bromale.

Opening out of the great hall at the south-west corner near the bay, and behind the great table, is a passage-way or ante-room leading to the fine old staircase, which is the most ancient in the house, and is circular and constructed of solid oak. On the left of this staircase, on the ground level, is the chapel, which is rectangular and about 40ft. by 20ft. The chancel is indicated by the character of the fittings, and the chapel is divided into six bays by stout oak beams, their ends supported by strong uprights. The oak is dark and gives a sombre appearance, although the windows are not small. The books, dating from 1737, are secured to the benches by chains according to an ancient practice. The east window on the south side has

some interesting stained glass, representing the Crucifixion, and in the other windows is more good glass. The woodwork is interesting, and in a seat on the left on entering is very elaborate oak carving, with the Plantagenet badge of the rose and fetterlock under the crown, and fine Perpendicular cresting. There are also some curious carvings of animals. On the south side is an external door for the use of the tenantry and other worshippers. The first mention of this chapel is found in the will of William

with its steps of solid oak, leaving on our left the entrance to the north wing, which contains some fine panelled bedrooms, and reach the withdrawing-room, which is over the great hall, and was built in Elizabeth's time, the great hall being ceilinged for this purpose, and the walls of the house continued upwards. It has a beautiful window corbelled out on the east side, which, with four other windows of varied form, gives the place



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THE DRAWING-ROOM, WEST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Davenport of Bramall, in June, 1541, who desired that "an honest priest" should celebrate and pray for him and for the souls of his father, mother, ancestors, and all Christian souls for the space of one whole year after his death. It would appear that the chapel must have been consecrated, for it is named as a domestic chapel in all lists, and for 300 years baptisms and marriages have been celebrated there. Opposite the chapel is a fine chamber, which has a good timbered ceiling of a similar character. We may now pass up the main stairway, also

both internally and externally, a very pleasing character. The walls are panelled with oak, the ceiling is enriched in plaster, and there is a fine Elizabethan chimney-piece. The size of the room is that of the great hall below, the details are very quaint, for the panelling rises almost to the ceiling, and the intervening space has the arms and alliances of the Davenports in plaster. The mantel is chiefly of wood and plaster in blue and gold, and has the arms of Queen Elizabeth within the Garter, the lion and dragon being the supporters, while above are the words, "Vive

la Roynne." The windows have very beautiful leadwork, and are excellent in character. Here formerly hung many family portraits of the Davenports, which were removed when the house was sold.

Through a door in the drawing-room an interesting chamber is entered, known as the plaster-room, its floor being formerly of that material. From the plaster-room the Paradise-room is entered, which is small and wainscoted in oak. There are two windows, of comparatively modern date. There was formerly a four-post

has a fine open timber roof in three bays, with intermediate principal rafters, and quatrefoil and other panels. The architectural characteristics are extremely good, the two principal rafters being embattled, and the spandrels of the curved ribs most boldly carved with animals and foliage. The effect is very pleasing, and is enhanced by the character of a beautiful oriel which looks over the quadrangle, and is corbelled out upon a support richly carved with the shield of the Bramall family. This banqueting-hall is one of the most characteristic rooms



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THE INNER HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bed in the room, with embroidered hangings. The needlework at the head was very interesting, and represented the Fall of Man, and gave the name to this room. It was worked by Dame Dorothy, the wife of Sir William Davenport, and dated curiously: "W. D., 1610; D. D 1614." It was bought by W. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., at the sale. This room is also known as the ghost-room, and tradition says that old Dame Dorothy haunts it. The chapel-room, over the chapel, is an oak-panelled apartment, and at the head of the spiral staircase, in the south wing, is the so-called banqueting-hall, 40ft. long by 19ft. wide. It

in the whole house. Following the main staircase past the drawing-room, it ascended to the "long gallery"—also added in Elizabeth's reign, but taken down in the eighteenth century as it was giving way.

The plan of Bramall Hall is like that of many other old houses in being without corridors, so that one room is often the passage-way to another. Inasmuch as the withdrawing-room covers the whole of the upper floor in the central portion of the house, it necessarily becomes the means of communication between the various rooms on the same



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE GREAT HALL, WEST SIDE.

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THE DRAWING ROOM, EAST WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

floor in the north and south wings. It is true that minor staircases somewhat mitigate the inconvenience, but this arrangement must be looked upon as rather characteristic of our old houses, and as indicating a change in domestic manners. It will be remembered that a whole series of rooms is passed through at Hampton Court without any means of communication save by the doors that lead from one to the other.

There are pleasant surroundings for the old house of the Davenports. Many of the trees perished, but some veterans remain, and have younger companions in sturdy vigour, resulting from the judicious planting of later time. Rooks have their homes in the lofty boughs of the elms. Trout sport in the stream running through the park, and the present owner has added much ornamental water. There are some fine oaks, and vigorous colonies of coniferous trees have added to the external attractions of the old place. There are pleasant gardens also. These things add to the gracious appearance of the house, which has weathered so many storms, and which still stands on the pleasant slope, with the stream flowing below, reminiscent of its earlier days.

ROBERT BROWNING.

IT was inevitable that in the series of "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan), the Tennyson volume should be followed by a Browning one. The writer chosen for the purpose is G. K. Chesterton, whose reputation for brilliant paradox is well known. Unfortunately, it does not seem to be backed by the orderliness, logic, and sympathy that are essential to the building up of a human character. He has a dark saying on the first page that haunts him throughout the volume. It is that "the subtle man is always easier to understand than the natural man," and this burden to his tale is repeated so often as to irritate the reader, who sees in it not a truth, but only a glittering paradox with a very slight grain of truth, and recognises that if it were true it is nothing to the purpose. It is for the biographer to draw a picture of Robert Browning, and leave the reader to judge whether it be complex or simple. The same fatal defect of opinionative digression in

place of straight, honest work is exemplified by the fact that Mr. Chesterton takes nine of his two hundred pages to explain that he does not attach much importance to genealogy. If his contentions be sound, then much ink and paper has been wasted. But, indeed, he is always giving an intolerable quantity of sack to his farthing's worth of bread.

When he does "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," Mr. Chesterton finds nothing about the period of Browning's childhood more worth saying than that "it was the age of inspired office-boys," and he expresses his well-bred surprise at "the combination of so many poetic lives with so many prosaic accomplishments." It evidently distresses him that numbers of those who were to be great lived in mean streets, that Ruskin visited suburban aunts, Dickens was in a blacking factory, Carlyle on a poor farm in Dumfriesshire (there's imagination for you!), Keats at his gallipots—"it was the age of inspired office-boys," concludes this very Superior Person, and somehow he calls up visions of Hotspur's dandy not to his advantage, for of all snobbery, that displayed in the republic of letters is the most detestable. Mr. Chesterton has no true vision of that wonderful time when England, after sitting like one paralysed and enchanted after the war, arose in her strength and spring-cleaned her dwelling-place till it began to grow to what it is to-day. And the strong men chosen to help her were chosen for their strength, and not because they lived in mansions and got their names advertised in newspapers. The railway, the steam-engine, the Post Office, Evolution, Free Trade, the poetry of Tennyson, the teaching of Ruskin; I cannot understand how a writer of any thought or imagination can look at these times so flippantly as not to understand the growing and germinating forces that, pouring in on England from every side, physical and spiritual, were moulding and welding the Empire of to-day. But to its greatness, too, he is blind, since "The Eden of modern progress is a kitchen garden," says our exquisite.

Nevertheless, this is a fair and just example of Mr. Chesterton's work. In regard to Browning's childhood, instead of tracing out honestly and clearly the play of circumstances on growing character, he only recounts a few of the feeble anecdotes which hang about the youth of most men. The artless biographers of a hundred years ago revelled in second-hand stories of this

kind, but one would have thought the practice obsolete. Only one little bit of practicality do we get, and it is that Macready, the actor, took a fancy to Browning, and that is why the latter wrote "Strafford." Anything more inept than our author's criticism of that play is inconceivable. The paradox it is hung on is this: "It is so easy to concentrate all the pathos and dignity upon such persons as Charles I. and Mary Queen of Scots, *the vampires of their people*" (the italics are ours), "because within the minute limits of a stage there is room for their small virtues, and no room for their enormous crimes." Is this the voice of John Knox gramophoned through a twentieth century art critic that speaks? Alas! poor queen, frail and loved and unhappy. If the penalty of greatness is to be dragged into criticism in this style, which could only be endured within the limits of some fantastic coterie, it is enough to make one pine for obscurity. The discursive essay on politics that seems intended to explain "Strafford" is a rich mine of such showy and superficial deliverances as we have quoted.

Mr. Chesterton argues and argues and argues, and goes through the pantomime of putting up a straw man and knocking him down with such frequency as to weary anybody really interested in the poet. When by chance he does happen to touch upon questions of pure literature, it is to deliver such oracles as that "outward obscurity is in a young author a mark of inward clarity," on which comment would be wasted. Several pages might be filled with maxims of this sort, that look more like estrays from Mr. Gilbert's plays than passages in what purports to be a serious work of criticism, as, for example: "He had grasped the great but now neglected truth that a man may actually be great, but not in the least able"—a great imbecile, so to speak. "If a man, instead of falling in love with a woman, fell in love with a fossil or a sea anemone, poetry could not express him."

These little smartnesses might be forgiven if Mr. Chesterton had shed any new light on Browning, poetry, or indeed anything under the sun. But he cannot deal with verse without exhibiting the same tendency to self-display, and to illustrate his author

quotes himself, as thus, of a man supposed to be knocked downstairs:

"What then? 'You lie,' and doormat below stairs
Takes bump from back."

Of this it may be said that it is almost as bad as any quotation from Browning. That imagination and harmony are the principal qualities of good verse he does not seem to understand at all. Instead of showing us them in Browning, he prates about technique, a matter purely of the workshop. The use of rhyme is that it should suggest those fine and delicate shades of meaning for which prose is too coarse a medium:

"But who is he with modest looks
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs by the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

Here we have a view of poetry radically opposed to that of Browning. If it be true then—and the practice of every great poet from Homer to Tennyson declares it so—these harshnesses of Browning supply their own condemnation. Never has a really fine thought been uttered save it were in melodious language. We take as example:

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

There is the music Wordsworth spoke of, simple, sweet, inevitable. Or take the famous dirge:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

Here is no invention of new rhythm or even of new phrase, but all is simple, homely, clear. It was good advice of Matthew Arnold's that we should carry to poetry which we wish to test, the memory and impression of what is indisputably fine.



And Mr. Swinburne once chose the following passage for use in this way :

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

In painting, the art of Gainsborough has been praised, inasmuch as his portraits are so lifelike and natural that they seem to have been "blown on the canvas," and in literary art, too, that is a quality of the first importance. But if Browning's abrupt, jagged, over-emphasised verse be carefully looked at, it will be found that he is addicted to a very opposite practice. Instead of yielding us

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps in his own heart,"

he is for ever raising up problems of life and conduct, and discussing them with something of the air of a clever magpie pecking at a marrow-bone. That is the whole sum and substance of "The Ring and the Book," which Mr. Chesterton discusses elaborately in a chapter devoted to that one theme. It may be

clever, and certainly is ingenious, but most decidedly it is not poetry, and the only surprise is that a serious critic should waste his time in discussing it from that point of view. There was, if truth is to be spoken, more poetry in Mrs. Barrett Browning than in her husband. Take such a piece of verse as her

"I weep with those that weep," she said,
"Go, fool, I bid you pass them by!"

It succeeds in doing rightly what Browning himself did wrongly. She also had that sense which Wordsworth ascribes to the true poet in the lines:

"The outward show of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude."

But Mr. Chesterton's phrases about Browning are that he gives the poetry of *débris* and of the pawnshop, and that he loved a Bank Holiday crowd more than he did solitude. Put in other words, the meaning of this is that Browning, as a poet, was only one of Dr. Furnivall's inventions.

OLD WALLS.

THERE are probably few people who have not been set dreaming by the sight of an old wall, and there is one wall especially that has suggested to the writer many a waking vision. In early days my dreams

were of a somewhat lively kind, for enclosed within the mouldering brick were several objects of boyish curiosity. We were debarred from examining them except by stealth, for an ogre of a gamekeeper used the enclosure for breeding

pheasants, and watched day and night to prevent the intrusion of juvenile trespassers. There were times of the year, however, when his vigilance relaxed, and though the place even then was forbidden ground, it was easy enough to find an opening through which one could squeeze. In the centre stood what had probably once been a fair mansion, but was now only a mass of ruins, with the remains of a chamber here and there that now had for tenant only pigeons escaped from the farms and an occasional owl or a pair of jackdaws that built in the loftier crevices. Round about the house lay an orchard, but the trees were mossy and ruined, and where the apple-blossom once had come the mistletoe and ivy now flourished, while in clefts and crevices the wind had sown a million wild flowers, primroses and nettles, bluebells and forget-me-nots. A few hard and woody apples showed their red cheeks amongst the withered leaves in autumn, and, bitter as they were, seemed to whet the youthful appetite. Near these old walls ran a quiet river, and it was mostly while fishing for perch or pike in its depths that one dreamed dreams of the wall and what it enclosed.

They were not very poetical visions in those days, but consisted mainly in imagining what sort of prehistoric boy climbed over in days gone by to rob the garden and the orchard. Later, at the stage when one makes a woeful ballad to his mistress's eyebrow, the place seemed redolent of sentiment. One could easily in fancy see lovers in knee-breeches and ladies in sacs passing to and fro before the now abandoned mansion. No doubt in their time it was inhabited and full of tender associations for those who now are not even a memory, and would not



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A SIXTEENTH CENTURY WALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

be a name except for their epitaphs in the parish churchyard. Later still, when those flames were burnt out, or, rather, after one's first disappointment, when the world always does look so black and melancholy, imagination took a different turn, and peopled this secluded spot with some scholarly old recluse who had withdrawn to it from the vain war of the world and walked in its avenues, no longer fulfilled with the joy of life, but regarding all the pomps of vanity fair with a bitter and reproving eye. Later still, when the first agony of blighted passion had given place to a subdued sadness, I remember well learning my first lessons in Nature's ways while sitting pensively by the brook and looking at the ancient wall. The consoling feature of those early griefs is that they are not so deep as they appear. I look back now with rather a pleasant memory on what, at the time, appeared to be hours of hopeless misery.

It was really a very beautiful spot, and the gamekeeper, enemy as he was to the race of boys, at any rate maintained its seclusion and made it a kind of sanctuary to those few animals that he thought harmless to game. The wall in those days used to have many inhabitants of its own. In its crevices the little blue tit, whose cap in April is as blue as the speedwell that grows below, used to pop in and out of the chinks where in process

of time eggs were laid and a numerous but tiny family reared. The redstart, handsomest of all our migrants, the fly-catcher, and many other pretty birds made their homes in the wall, while in its ruined foundations the weasel and the stoat found a stronghold from which no keeper could dislodge them. So, many a time when ostensibly "lulling one's sorrow to sleep," my attention was really engaged in watching the movements of these small creatures, "running and flying blossoms of the air," as William Morris once called them. Nor was this all.

Nature, I soon perceived, had during the course of centuries taken that wall, originally a piece of man's clumsy handiwork, and turned it into a thing of beauty. She had sent her sun to shine and subdued the glaring colours, till, from a little distance, their surface looked like an old brocade; her rain had poured down upon it and swept away what was unessential or unnecessary, leaving in miniature such holes and clefts as you see in a rock against which the Atlantic billows have dashed for æons of time; her winds had sown the whole surface of the wall with the wildings of the wood and of the pasture, and in this the birds had aided and abetted. Little seedling oaks sprouted for a season and withered and died for lack of moisture, but lichens and mosses, and a hundred plants and flowers of one description and another,



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OLD BRICKWORK "RESTORED."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

AN ELIZABETHAN TERRACE WALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

had got themselves sown on its surface, some so shy and retiring that you had to look for them, others gay and brilliant in their brief day of bloom and unnoticed for the rest of the year, but all worked into that perfect harmony which Nature, left to herself, always produces.

In those days taste, at any rate architectural or building taste, if it existed in my mind at all, did so quite unconsciously, and many years were to elapse before the understanding came that the methods of Nature are ever the model of the artist, and that to make a wall or house beautiful Nature must be studied and her plans followed. The first test that I almost automatically apply to any structure is to see whether it fits in with the landscape or not. When we talk of what are called "picturesque cottages," this is what we mean, or rather what we should mean.

The mere fact of dilapidation having taken place, so that the thatch is ragged and probably a bit of wall broken down, does not make a place beautiful, but the meanest cottage is fine if it is absolutely suited to its surroundings, and the most pretentious mansion is not fine if it has been built regardless of its surroundings. We do not say in contrast, because there is a certain sympathy suggested by the very thought of contrast; you must at least understand what a thing is before you produce its opposite.

A distinct advance made in the gardening and building of to-day lies in the value set upon old walls. In a less appreciative age it was not uncommon to find that old Jacobean brick walls had been ground down for the purpose of laying the garden paths, and many of the most beautiful have been lost for ever in this way. To-day the owner of a fine old wall would be regarded as throwing away a good gift if he did not take care to preserve it, and wall-gardening in its best form is an attempt to copy on new work what Nature has done on old; that is to say, to assist Nature and hurry her processes, instead of waiting for dust to accumulate in the chinks and so form a nucleus of soil, or for the winds and birds to carry seed by chance. The wall-gardener prepares his wall for growing stonecrops and mosses, or lichens and wallflowers, and various other things. A skilfully-gardened wall ought to resemble an old one that has been neglected, with this difference, that probably the one under human care would be richer in plants and flowers, and would be so contrived as to show flowers, or at least greenery, at every season of the year.

Yet I cannot believe that Art is able to beat Nature, or even equal it. Given a mass of ivy on an old wall and a few sprays of briar rose, covered with the tenderest and sweetest flower of our English woodlands, and you will have a simple effect that it would defy the most skilful of Adam's followers to excel.

All old walls are not park walls, and if we wander further afield we shall find others almost equally picturesque. On an estate I know in North Wales there are dry-stone walls so very ancient that the gorse grows on them as freely as on the field, and with the gorse innumerable shrubs and plants that impart a singularly attractive appearance to what otherwise would be a bleak and dreary landscape. And in many of the less frequented parts of Scotland there are walls so brilliant and vivid with moss and lichen that were a painter to reproduce the colours he would be thought to burlesque Nature. Perhaps the sternest of all old walls we know are those that divide the sheep-walks in the Border countries and pass over the high hills, where they are exposed to the bitterness of the wild Northern winter. They are built absolutely of dry-stone, without a morsel of lime or clay. The vegetation that comes to them is so minute, one might almost say so microscopic, as to be practically invisible, or visible only as toning and softening the general colour. For not even in these wild wastes will Nature tolerate any hue that is not kin to that of the water and the moor.

G.

THE GARDENS . . . OF CHAUCER.

THERE are two kinds of garden, one material, in which the sons of Adam labour and the daughters of Eve rest in the shade; another that exists solely in imagination, where the roses blow all the year round and there comes not rain nor hail nor any snow. The bowers are for ever green, the walks and avenues shady, and the flowers are of everlasting bloom. Whoever really loves gardening has possessed such a garden of dreams, and laid it out and planted and watered and cherished and nourished it, and found it, like



Keats's statue, for ever young, for ever fair. Between this gross material garden, full of sweat and labour and disappointment, and the ethereal garden of fancy, there is a third which partakes of the nature of both; it is that of the poet, for your poet, look you, he who gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, takes the actual border and arbour only as material for his fancy to work with.

Are there anywhere gardens to be found that yield more abundance of joy than the gardens of Chaucer? The exhilaration they inspire is not derived from detailed luxuriance of beauty, nor ravishing harmonies of Art and Nature, as in the gardens of Spenser; they do not stir us by exalted idealisation, as does Milton's portraiture of a garden; nor do they excite by the quick throb of passion the mystical speculations enclosed in the gardens of modern times. The gardens of Chaucer are of simpler, of directer appeal. To walk in them is to feel an immediate satisfaction, a present radiance of living. We are shut into a world where everything is fresh and green. Indeed, freshness and greenness are the abiding qualities of Chaucer's gardens, as of Chaucer's whole work.

Often Chaucer relies for his descriptions solely upon these key-words, and lays his stress not upon the various objects of the garden, but on the feeling induced by their vague yet dazzling loveliness. Thus the garden in "The Merchant's Tale" is so fair, that not even Priapus, we read, though he be god of gardens, might suffice to tell of its beauty. Again, the features of Dorigen's garden in "The Franklin's Tale" are set forth in general terms only; the garden lives by reason of the zest of appreciation, the edge of delight, with which the passage closes:

" . . . May hadde peynted with his soft shoures
This gardyn, full of levès and of floures,
And craft of mannès hand so curiously
Arrayed hadde this gardyn, trewely,
That never was ther gardyn of swich prys
But if it were the verray Paradys.
The odour of flourès and the fresshè sighte
Woldè han makèd any hertè lighte
That ever was born, . . ."

In "The Knight's Tale" we have a garden enhanced by every exquisite device of a poet's choosing. The season is May, and the time is sun-rising, and the garden is seen from a high window, thick with many a bar of iron. The prisoner Palamon looks out over the noble city and over the garden full of green branches, and there he sees the fresh Emily roaming up and down gathering white and red flowers to make a garland for her head. We do not know what trees grew in that garden nor what flowers, but it brims over with the early sunshine of romance, and in all the tracts of literature there is no fresher nor greener place.

James I. of Scotland, imitating Chaucer, sets the garden of "The King's Quhair" in the framework of a prison window, and also lends to it the grace of a lady's presence. But while Palamon from his tower had an extended view over Athens, and the garden is only a part of the picture, King James emphasises the intricacy of barrier that surrounds his garden--"so with treis set was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,"

he says, that no living creature walking outside might espy any wight within.

And here, perhaps, we may suggest one subtle difference between the mediæval and the modern garden. We aim to-day at opening in our gardens vistas that lure and baffle the eye; we would subdue the very distances to our scheme, and would have for our only visible walls the blue hills on the horizon. But the men of old times lived within strait enclosures, and found their

delight in limitations; and the gardens of Chaucer and of his time are walled about like mediæval cities. January's garden ("The Merchant's Tale") is walled with stone, and entered by a small wicket, of which January keeps the small silver latch-key. The garden in "The Parlement of Foules" has walls of green stone, in which is a gate barred with a piece of iron, and verses written above it in gold and azure. The garden in "The Romaunt of the Rose" is protected like a fortress with walls of masonry:

"I saugh a gardyn
right anon,
Ful long and
brood, and every-
dell
Enclosed was, and
walled well
With highte wallès
embatailled."

The landscape is shut out from such gardens, and we have the sense of a more concrete beauty concentrated in little space. We feel ourselves in an oasis won from the surrounding wilderness of perils and of thorns.

Let us analyse briefly the details of this enclosed beauty, considering first what has been done by "the craft of mannès hand," and next the manner of trees and flowers and herbs planted in these gardens.

The gardens are watered by rivers, by streams, by conduits. The garden full of blossomed boughs in "The Parlement of Foules" is upon a river in a green mead, and there are

" . . . coldè wellè-stremès, no-thing dede,
That swommen ful of smalè fischès lighte,
With fynnes rede and scales silver-brighte."

The frequency of wells built in these gardens constitutes the most striking feature of difference from our modern gardens. The well indeed is often an integral part of the tale. In January's garden there is a well that stands under a laurel always green, and about that well Pluto and Proserpine and all the fairy people sport and make melody and dance. We find here an allusion to the curious belief of the Middle Ages that the fairies were descended from the gods and goddesses of old. Thus the name Titania is a corruption of Diana, and there is a fourteenth century poem that tells how Heurodis (Eurydice) was carried away by the fairy king.

In "The Romaunt of the Rose" there are wells, in which the poet is careful to tell us there are no frogs, set fair in the shadow, and little streams coming through conduits, of which the water in running makes a pleasant noise. Here, too, is the Well of Love, springing in a marble stone under a great pine tree. Down at the bottom of the well are two crystal stones in which the whole garden is reflected, and in this mirror the poet sees the vision of "a roser chargid fulle of rosis that with an hegge about enclosed is."

The arbour appears to have been a distinctive feature of the mediæval garden. In each corner of the garden in "The King's Quhair" is an arbour, in the midst of which grows "the scharpe grene suete jenepere," its boughs spreading all over the arbour.



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A GARDEN WALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The arbour in "The Flower and the Leaf," a contemporary poem, had a hedge as thick as a castle wall, which "with sicamour was set and eglatre." This arbour was "benched with turfes newe freshly turved," and we find here an allusion to the seats covered with green turf peculiar to England at that time. The gardeners renewed the turf as soon as it became withered; so the turfs are "fresshy-grave," newly digged, of the benches of Chaucer's little arbour in "The Legende of Good Women." Louis Philippe had a small grass-plot at the Chateau d'Eu, turfed in this fashion with turfs brought from Salisbury Plain. The seats in Criseyde's garden were also turfed. Chaucer's brief description is here unusually definite, and contains many of the most characteristic elements of a mediæval garden.

"This yerd was large, and railled alle
th' aléyes,
And shadwed wel with blosmy
bowes grene;
Y-benched newe, and sonde alle
the weyes."
—*Troilus and Criseyde*.

It will only be possible to glance casually at the trees and herbs and flowers that grew in these gardens. The poets of the time are given to enumeration by catalogue, and even Chaucer adopts this method, though by the justness of his adjectives he lends it suggestion and interest. We quote a verse descriptive of the trees in a park:

"The bildere ook and eek the hardy
asshe;
The piler elm, the cofre unto
careyne;
The boxtree piper; holm to whippes
lasshe;

The saylyng fir; the cipres, deth to pleyne;
The sheter ew the asp for shaftes pleyne;
The olyve of pees, and eek the drunken vyne;
The victor palm, the laurer to devyne."

—*The Parlement of Foules*.

The trees in "The Romaunt of the Rose" are, generally speaking, a bare succession of names; what strikes us, however, is the variety of spices enumerated as growing in the garden—clove, lycorice, ginger, grain of Paradise, cinnamon, valerian. These spices appear to have been eaten as dessert.

The distances at which the trees are planted one from another are a point of interest. In "The Flower and the Leaf" the great oaks, straight as a line, grow each from his fellow eight feet or nine, which hardly seems to our ideas a sufficient distance. The trees in "The Romaunt of the Rose" are five fathoms or six apart (30ft. or 36ft.). This poem alludes to the "Land of Alexandryne"—presumably the East—as the place whence we have obtained many of our trees; and we learn from it that the Provence roses (the roses of the Rhone) were as famous in the fourteenth century as they are now.

The garden was regarded by Chaucer and by his con-

temporaries as a fresh green place that was made to be the setting for romance. The walls of all these mediæval gardens enclose the sentiment of love. Palamon and Arcite love Emily; King James loves the Lady Jane Beaufort; Aurilius loves Dorigen; Damian loves May. "The Flower and the Leaf" and "The Romaunt of the Rose" are allegories of Love, and, with the exception of the intrigue in January's garden—which Chaucer, by his humorous introduction of the fairy element, means us not to take too seriously—all this love is touched with the spirit of high romance, a romance that this spring is as fresh and as green as the "leves and the floures newe." *ETHEL WHEELER.*



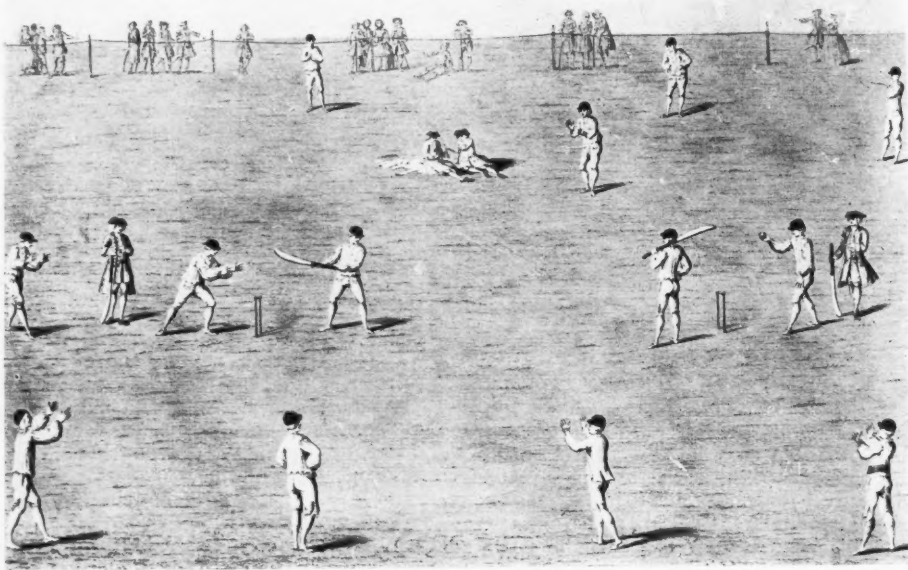
From a painting by *TOSSING FOR INNINGS.* R. James.

OLD CRICKET PICTURES.

THERE is not the slightest doubt that the cricketing and the reading world would welcome any book in which some collection might be given of the old cricketing prints and sketches that we sometimes see scattered here and there, on the walls of cricket pavilions, in the smoking-rooms of amateurs of the great game, and so on. It is quite certain that no other pastime, to speak of it by a name distinguishing it from sport, which generally implies the doing to death, by some means or other, of some animal, has been so fortunate in its illustrators, unless we should make a possible exception of horse-racing.

To the landscape painter who wants an animated group for his foreground, the village green, occupied with a game of cricket, presents one ready to his hand, and he has not neglected to make use of it, and in the vigour and variety of the game itself there is so much scope for the expression of human grace and strength, that it lends itself hardly less kindly to the principal incident of a picture. We find it, in fact, pictorially treated in both these

different ways by the old artists, and the pictures give us some little light on the various changes through which the game has passed since its inception. It does not do to lay too much stress on, or attach too much value to, the evidence of contemporary illustrations, for we all know that even in these days, when information is to be gleaned from every "Wisdom while you wait" compilation, it is not every picture of a pastime that is absolutely faithful in its details. So we view with mental

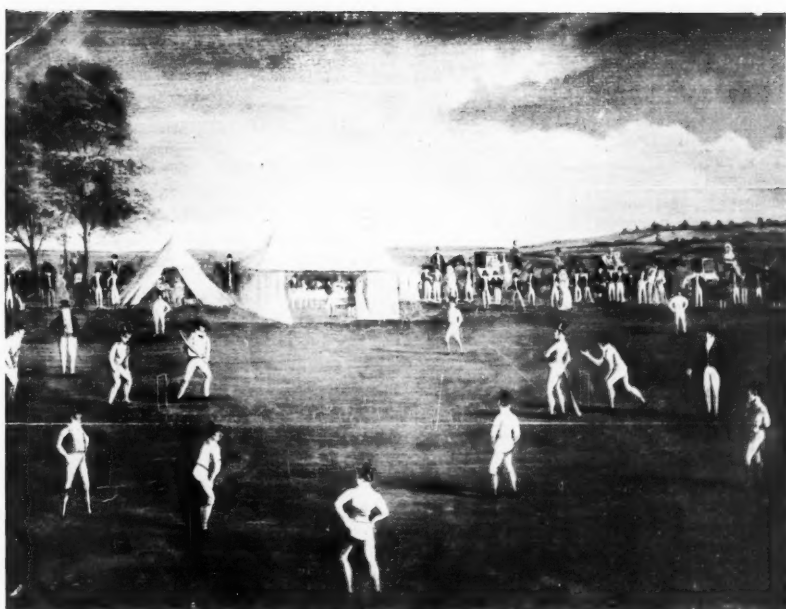


AN EXACT REPRESENTATION OF THE GAME OF CRICKET INSCRIBED TO ALL GENTLEMEN LOVERS OF THAT DIVERSION.

reservation the evidence given us by the pictures of the men of old; still, they are, of course, interesting, and have their value, such as it is, as pieces of historical evidence. Sometimes we see the illustrations in apparent mutual contradiction. About the same period one picture will represent the game as played with a wicket of two stumps, and another with a wicket of three.

We are disposed to say that both cannot be right. And yet this is just the doubtful point. It is not at all impossible that both may be right; the truth is that the laws of cricket were not always stereotyped as hard and fast as they are now, with the "two-thirds majority" required of a meeting at Lord's before any change can be made. The game was in a more experimental, less crystallised, stage. So it is very likely that while at one place they were playing with two stumps, at another, not so very far away, they were playing with three, according to the local option of the players themselves; and it may quite well be that they would play with a wicket of two stumps on Saturday and a three-stump wicket on the Monday, just for the sake of a little variety. The two representations may quite well have been right, and perhaps the game not a whit the worse for not being governed by our hard-and-fast legislation. It was more like a game and less like a business, then, at all events. At the same time, we do not wish to appear to be holding any kind of brief either for the game or for the pictures of the ancients. No doubt they made mistakes in both then, just as we do now. So we must just take the pictures and their historical evidence for what we may be pleased to think they are worth. In any case they are of a curious interest.

By way of illustration of these sapient remarks we would ask the reader's kind attention to the pictures herewith given, and entitled respectively: "A Cricket Match—about 1750," "An Exact Representation of the Game of Cricket. Inscribed to all Lovers of that Diversion," and "A Cricket Match—Pollard." The first of these has this note to it in the catalogue of pictures, etc., in the possession of the M.C.C., edited by Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane and Mr. F. A. Eaton: "The attitudes and dresses of the players are the same as in No. 4." Now, turning to No. 4, we find that amongst other remarks on it in the catalogue it is said: "The bats have curved ends, and the wickets consist of two short sticks slanting backwards, with a cross stick." But in the reproduction from the almost identical pictures, save for the background (almost certainly of the same date and by the same unknown artist), the wicket is seen to be of three uprights. This is singular enough, and seems to show that they used to play indifferently



From a Painting by

A CRICKET MATCH.

James Pollard.

with two stumps or three. Perhaps we may take it that the two pictures together indicate a transition period of the game, when they were giving the three-stump wicket a trial.

Now, looking at the picture named "An Exact Representation

tion," and referring to the catalogue, we find it to be from an engraving after Louis Pierre Boitard, who died in 1758; and here we see two fairly tall, quite upright stumps, with a cross piece, as the wicket, and the same in the formation of the wicket in the picture of "A Cricket Match,—Pollard," where the players are all in top-hats. Pollard died in 1846, so the indication of the three stumps in the picture,



A CRICKET MATCH IN BATTERSEA FIELDS—ABOUT 1750.

said, on the authority of the catalogue referred to, to be "about 1750," is worth noting as indicating in all probability the approximate date of the change. A notable picture, again, is that of Thomas Box at the wicket. Box, as we all know, was

a very famous wicket-keeper. But look at the attitude of the man as he stands to the wicket. One does not want to find fault with it. It always is a mistake to find fault with a better man than one's self, and Box was a better man at the wickets of those days than you, reader, or I would have been. But look at his attitude, and compare it with the attitudes not only of Macgregor, say, or of Blackham, but of Alfred Lyttelton, or even of many a wicket-keeper, such as Lockyer or Pooley, away back before him. It is an entirely different pose. To be sure, these were the wickets of those days, and the wickets of to-day are



From a Water-colour by

LADIES PLAYING CRICKET.

T. H. (1779).

quite different and very much more trustworthy things. Perhaps, too, the bowling has improved and become more trustworthy, both in its direction and its length, and Box, too, is without pads on his shins and has his hands naked. But even allowing for all that, what a difference there is in the attitude! All those more modern wicket-keepers that we have named stand, or stood, square to the wickets, right behind them, so that if a ball misses the hands the legs or the body or something stops it. Whereas here is Box, the first wicket-keeper of his day, all sideways to the wicket, with hands so placed that they must give way more than a little when the ball comes to them, and so give the batsman a moment's chance of getting back



Drawn by

THE BATSMAN.

(Fuller Pilch.)

G. F. Watts.

into his ground. We should not call all that very classical now; but, as has been said, the bowling of those days is scarcely to be compared to what we are accustomed to see in first-class cricket, and probably Box would take exception to the delivery of some of our fast bowlers. To be sure, he had a longstop, and a longstop was a very important man on these grounds. His post was no sinecure. We may say all this by way of criticism without presuming to say that Box was wrong. But it would be all wrong for a wicket-keeper to stand in that way now. We may take note of the difference.

And now let us turn to another picture, that of Fuller Pilch, the batsman. Quite a different class of criticism is in order here. If the wonder in the case of Box, the wicket-keeper, was that his attitude was so unclassical, the wonder with



A FAMOUS WICKET-KEEPER.

(Thomas Box.)

Fuller Pilch, the batsman, is the absolute correctness, judged by the most classic models, of his pose—but as upright as you could draw it, figure well set up to get the full advantage of his height. Our modern taste could require nothing finer. Possibly the very untruth of the wicket that may explain the attitude of Box may also be the explanation of why so classical a pose was demanded of the model batsman. He could not live on these wickets unless all was perfectly correct. These explanations again are in the nature of vain speculations, though not uninteresting; but the pictures are worthy of attention, both the one for its divergence from the modern models and the other for its agreement with them.

The last picture to be noticed is one of those in which the game of cricket, though playing an important part, is introduced more as a lively and charming accessory than as the principal object. It is from a painting in the M.C.C. pavilion, lent to the club by His Majesty the King, and is one of the most attractive pictures extant in which the noble game figures. The painter is Louis Belanger, and the date is given on the picture itself, so that there can be no mistake, as 1768. It is a water-colour drawing finely done and composed, but the representation shows its character better than written description can give it. Here,

it will be noticed, the wicket is very obviously of three stumps, and it is a nice wide wicket, such as many of us would like to see used for the game now. In another sense the match is a single-wicket one. There is a public-house nice and handy, and the inn sign is "quite a feature." The game does not appear to have attracted a large "gate"—that is to be remarked in all the old-time pictures of cricket. One old gentleman is looking on from the near



From a Painting by

A VILLAGE MATCH.

(Belonging to H.M. the King.)

Louis Belanger.

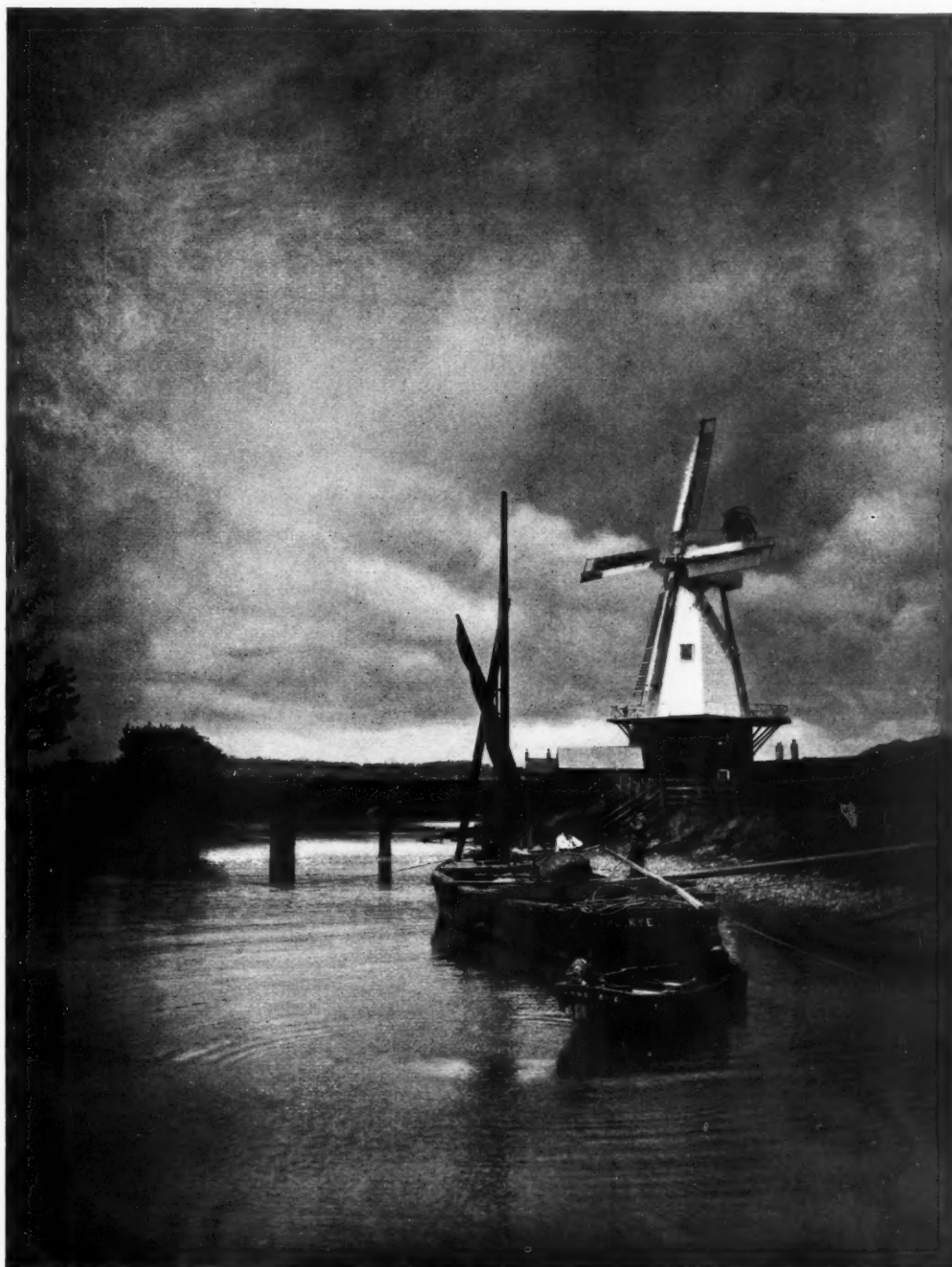
side of the field, and some cows are taking a gentle ruminant interest from the background—that is about the sum total of general interest that the game seems to inspire, although there are a tent and scorers, to say nothing of the public-house. How greatly has the popular enthusiasm for the game grown in the interval since Louis Belanger drew that pleasant scene! Several of the old pictures show us single-wicket matches in progress, and it is rather curious that this mode of the game should have gone so completely out of favour.

It was said, to start with, that the cricketing world would welcome any book that would present it, in such form as might be conveniently handled, with the prints and pictures, or an adequate selection from them, which take the noble game as

their principal or incidental feature. We believe we can promise that such an adequate collection will be given it within a very little while in the cricket volume of the "COUNTRY LIFE Library of Sport." The volume does not by any means rely for its interest to cricketers on the collection and issue of these old prints. Mr. Warner writes on batting, Mr. Jephson on bowling, Mr. Jessop on fielding, Lord Darnley on the earlier Australian cricket, Mr. A. C. Maclaren on the more recent Australians, the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton on Gentlemen and Players, Mr. W. J. Ford on county cricket, and so on and so on. If these men cannot "keep their end up" without aid from the illustrations it is a pity; but the book will only have the more interest from containing, at the same time, a picture gallery of the old prints.

THE ROMANCE OF WINDMILLS.

DOES it ever happen to anyone to see a new windmill? It is fairly certain that such things must be made, for otherwise the supply, as features in the landscape, could never be maintained. Moreover, it does seem to us to have happened, even to our untravelled selves, to have seen an ancient windmill newly repaired, the time-worn sails or hull cobbled with an inharmoniously glaring new material, that could hardly fail to call to mind the patching of an old coat with new cloth. This was to remedy a rent made by the weather, or by some modern Don Quixote of a devastating schoolboy. But though it is nearly certain that new windmills must be made, it is far more certain that the majority of those that we see are what the dealers in curiosities call "genuine antiques," and a deal more genuine and a deal more antique than most of the vaunted wares of the old curiosity-shop men. All the associations of the windmill are with a state of things that is in process of passing away—a state in which locomotion and the transport of the necessities of life was not so easy as it is now; when the farmer paid the labourer in kind, that is to say, in corn, and the labourer took his corn to the miller, and by him had it ground into flour, giving him a percentage (perhaps a double handful from the sack) of the corn for his trouble. All this idea has gone now. The labourer buys flour ready ground with the ready money that the farmer gives him, and pays the miller money for it. Or it may be that he even buys the commodity he ultimately wants at a stage even more advanced than that, in the shape of a loaf of bread from the local baker. But the miller still thrives, if he attends to his business and the neighbourhood is one that has business to give him, for besides the wheat that he grinds into flour he has other kinds of corn to deal with; all is grist that comes to his mill. He has the manufacture of barley-meal for stock and pigs, the crushing of oats for fattening poultry, and so on. As a rule he establishes himself as a corn-dealer and a merchant in hay and straw, besides having at hand the power convenient for the cutting of chaff; so he has indirect sources of income in addition to those for which he depends on the favouring winds of Heaven. According to



J. Gale.

AT RYE, SUSSEX.

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tradition and to ballad, his lines have fallen in pleasant places. Treating him after the Homeric manner of having stock epithets for certain people, places, qualities, and things, he is always known as the "jolly" miller. It is not often that he seems to belie his appellation, and yet it is difficult to say what there is in his occupation that conduces to excessive geniality. Yet there he is, the "jolly" miller—stereotyped. To be sure, the designation may owe something to the setting in which we generally see

him, his clothes, hair, whiskers, and person impartially powdered with the white flour, from the midst of which a healthily rubicund face—and, to say the truth, his face commonly is healthy and rubicund, as if the life really was a very wholesome one—stands out in finer relief than that of men whose countenances are less fortunate in their surroundings. For what it may be worth, this conjecture may be hazarded by way of attempted explanation. The miller always has been a man of strong characteristics in story, his singular dwelling and mode of life making a vivid appeal to the imagination. Even in our childhood we loved the tale of the miller who was very ill. They stopped the mill to give him quiet in his bed, but his nerves were altogether upset by missing the familiar noise. They set the mill going again, and he slept and recovered. There was a useful moral to that tale. It seemed in some remote manner to justify the utmost noise that we could make, and to furnish us with a powerful argument against the unreasonable rebukes of authority.

No doubt it is a basely utilitarian view to take of windmills that they are designed for anything else than delightful accessories in a landscape. And as such, although the clatter and noise of them cannot fail to be great when near at hand, still one is accustomed to see them at such a distance that none of this is heard, and their association is with the most peaceful aspects of country life. They lend such a charm to the hour when "the ploughman homeward plods his weary way," and especially, perhaps, give a living interest, yet with a melancholy suggestion conveyed by their bare gaunt arms, to a scene of long flats of water, such as we find on the Norfolk Broads, and such also as is given by the rivers in the pictures that accompany this text. As a picture-making incident, there is all the value of the strong, upstanding lines of the mill and its sails in contrast with the horizontal surfaces. Naturally enough, there is hardly one of our painters that does not love a windmill. The old Dutchmen loved them, and so, too, does the modern school of Dutch and Flemish landscapers. The Barbizon school recognised their value. Turner and all our English painters have made good use of them. Perhaps the most picturesque kind of windmill, for in this regard they vary not a little, is the old kind of "post" mill, in which the whole of the upper structure revolves on the central support. The strain imposed on this support in times of storm must be terrible, and probably this is the reason that we do not find later mills built on this plan. This was the kind that seems to have pleased Turner best, or it may be that it was

the kind most in vogue when and where he was painting. Unless it had been the kind that would lend itself to the best advantage of his picture, it is quite sure that he would not have used it. The man who could take the most interesting castle on the Rhine across the river would not have hesitated to change the plan of a windmill if it suited his purpose to do so. In artistic effect the mill in our illustrations most like the "post" mill beloved of Turner and the painters is the one on the border of the estuary at Rye. In its association with the shipping there is something rather Dutch in the suggestion of this scene. The other two illustrations are fairly typically English, and the mills are themselves good types of the more modern kind. There is quite a different country—namely, that of the Downs, whether South Downs, Kentish, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire Downs, or where you will—in which windmills are frequent features. The surroundings are always the same. It is a country where the great round hills sweep and roll up almost into the heavens, so that the clouds, and even the edge of the blue firmament, seem to rest on their tops. Just beneath the firmament, here and there, a cleft of white chalk stares out so vehemently that it makes the eyes ache. And here and there on the summits of these billowy hills the mills are usually going merrily, for there are not many days in the year when there is not a breeze to drive them at these heights. It is said that on an average (of course the estimate must be rather rough) and in a fair position a mill will do an eight-hours-a-day work all through the year, including Sundays; and it will work hard while it is at it. At Faversham in Kent, in a moderately favourable situation, a windmill of fifteen horse-power, with the average working power of wind, did work in water-pumping equivalent to the consumption of a hundred tons of coal in the year. This is a measure that even the least mechanically-minded of those who admire the windmill as a feature in the scenery can appreciate and realise.

Of our English counties, the one that has the best and biggest windmills to show us still is Norfolk. There are mills there whose sails make a circuit of one hundred feet diameter and work six pairs of mill-stones simultaneously, each stone having a diameter of four and a-half feet. A mill of this class will grind thirty bushels of flour an hour—no mean measure.

To be sure, the fiction of the poets and the pleasant imagination of the idler look on the windmill as somewhat of an out-of-date device, but there are many modern uses for which it is found admirably adapted. Over a great part of America it is



J. Gale.

A WET EVENING.

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the chief agent of water-pumping. It can be used for the production of electricity, for power or lighting, and is a useful auxiliary to steam-power, the latter being employed when there is no wind to work the mill.

Nobody, as it seems, knows who made the first windmill. It is said that windmills formed part of the ancient mechanical knowledge of the East which the Crusaders brought back to Europe from Palestine. The value of war as a means of disseminating early civilisation might form the text of one of the most interesting chapters in human evolution. In the beginning of the last century all the machine-sawing, the stamping, and the extensive drainage of the Eastern Counties of England were done by windmills, as well as the corn-grinding. The great advantage of wind-power, as compared with all other except perhaps that of water, is its economy. Its drawback is its capricious inconstancy. But to the artist and the lover of the picturesque the windmill on the hill has a bold and striking beauty and interest that is counter-balanced by no drawback.

THE LONDON CARRION CROW.

AN aggravated case of housebreaking and avicide, committed by one of the carrion crows surviving in London, occurred a few days ago by the river. In one of the very old elms standing on what was once the terrace of Katharine of Braganza's palace, some hundreds of yards above Hammersmith Bridge, a pair of wood-pigeons nested, and had reared two young birds. In the next tree a pair of carrion crows built, and also had a family. As often happens when the dove and some very undovelike bird build near to one another, the former was left undisturbed, and the young pigeons were half fledged before any unpleasantness took place. But early one May morning a great fluttering and beating of wings was heard in the thick foliage of the elm. Two birds were evidently fighting, one of them a crow. In a few moments a big black crow flew out, carrying in its beak a young wood-pigeon nearly half its own size, while over the crow, beating it with its wings and keeping it from rising, flew the parent wood-pigeon. Both birds made away straight across the Thames. When over the centre of the river, the crow dropped the young pigeon on to the water, and flew over to the reservoirs on the further side. A bystander ran and jumped into a boat, and, rowing out, intercepted the young bird as it floated down with the tide, but when picked up it was already dead.

This particular pair of crows have a very bad reputation. They spend most of their time by the reservoirs of the West Middlesex Waterworks. Two winters ago, during the cold weather, they made it their business to "cut out" stragglers among the large flocks of small black-headed gulls which roosted and spent much of their time by the tanks and settling-beds, and frequently succeeded in killing one, which was duly eaten. They quite deserve the name of the "lesser raven" given to them, not only from their appearance, but on account of their strength and cunning. At Clissold Park the superintendent, as Mr. W. Hudson relates, once saw a crow trying to carry something which looked as large as a Dutch cheese. The



J. Gale.

A STORMY DAY.

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crow put it down to take breath, and his interviewer ran up to see what it was. The crow dug his beak in, and flew off to the tree where the nest was, taking with it the burden, which was the top of a cottage loaf.

There is no doubt that the carrion crows do considerable mischief, both among the young wild ducks in the parks and among other birds in private grounds. They are said to be especially mischievous at Chiswick House, and in the gardens and parks of the fine mansions at Sheen, where they kill and devour the young not only of wood-pigeons, but of chickens, ducks, thrushes, blackbirds, and small birds generally. But their main hunting ground throughout the year is in the market gardens and by the side of the river. There used to be a pair which built in a tree close to St. Paul's Churchyard. Another pair nested on the island in Battersea Park, and several build in the grounds of large houses at Hampstead. It was on record that one nest had continued for sixty years in some private grounds in the latter suburb.

By the river at Putney, in the grounds of Ranelagh, by the reservoirs, and along the river from Hammersmith to Ham House they are still very numerous. Flocks of more than twenty may be seen there on winter evenings, while in the summer they nest in or near the same trees every year. For the last thirteen years a pair nested near the main road, a little east of Turnham Green Station. These birds found the whole of the food on which they brought up their young on Chiswick Eyot, and when the young birds could fly brought them there for the remainder of the summer, occasionally flying across the river to the reservoir

banks. The trees in which they nested have now been cut down, and the eyot is without its usual black foragers. It is said that the birds which used to nest in the central park, but have been turned out, always bring their young ones back there later in the year.

It is perhaps to the credit of the crows that, unlike the rooks, they find no difficulty in holding their own in London, so long as the large elm trees, in which they always nest by preference, remain. They are far more omnivorous than the rook, and scavengers by nature. Anyone who sees the crows making a square meal in the market garden soon realises that they know where to seek the kind of food which suits them. Every market garden has a manure heap of the most unpleasant kind where the ordinary stable manure is added, a choice variety of stuff which, no doubt, is valuable as a fertiliser, and the smell of which is undeniable, if that is any guarantee of its invigorating properties. Rotten oranges, stale herrings, and the trimmings

of fishmongers' shops are there in quantities, which redound to the advantage both of the future cabbages and the incidental advantage of the carrion crows. In winter the gulls find out these heaps too, and they and the crows rise from them with a fine mixed effect of black wings and white ones.

A few weeks ago a carrion crow was seen to kill and carry off a half-grown rat from the river-side. As there is now no shooting in the London area, the crows have every chance of survival, while as other birds all enjoy the same immunity from the gun, the balance of Nature is not likely to be upset by the crows. At the same time, it must be admitted that they belong to the criminal classes by instinct, and that if, as is possible, wild ducks take to frequenting the banks of the tidal Thames, the crows will steal their eggs and kill their young. A pair of genuine wild ducks have appeared on the river at Chiswick Eyot, and have remained there all the spring. What has become of the eggs is probably best known to the crows. C. J. CORNISH.

WILD DUCKS AT TRING.

WHEN the former owners of Tring Park parted with the land on which the extensive reservoirs of the London and Birmingham Canal were made, they very prudently reserved the sporting rights over the ground which was to become water. In course of time the wisdom of this course was justified. One of the reservoirs covers no less than 170 acres with water, while the two subsidiary lakes are of considerable size. These became a favourite haunt of wildfowl of various kinds, especially in the winter. Later, when the Tring Estate passed into the hands of its present owners, these lakes were carefully preserved, and while the birds were encouraged to remain and breed, numbers of eggs were picked up, and artificial rearing greatly increased the numbers of ducks upon the lakes. The latter are so large, and the ducks, whether wild-bred or hand-reared, soon become so wary and wild, that it is by no means always easy to shoot the proper proportion of birds. But as many as 2,000 ducks and wildfowl of various kinds have been shot there in a season, and the fact that this artificial area of water is made to yield an incomparably larger head of birds than could be shot from any equivalent area of land, however good the cover, is most suggestive to owners of lakes and reservoirs, even if they be of much more modest dimensions.

In May, when the hand-reared and also the wild broods are growing up to duck's estate, the scene on the lakes and rearing



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THE DUCK PUNT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fields is as interesting as it is beautiful. There is also a great variety of setting and surroundings, showing how adaptable wild ducks are to various conditions. One set of young birds, some 400 in number, are all set out in an old orchard, quite close to a village. It is there that the excellent photographs here shown were taken last week. Another rearing field is far more wild and in keeping with what would be deemed the semi-natural environment of wild ducks. It is a gentle green slope of grass-land at the head of the great reservoir, divided from the water by large masses of whitethorn. It covers some acres, and on the lake side of the whitethorn screen is another strip of open grass-land, to which the young birds are moved later, and allowed access to the water, whence they spread naturally over the lake.

The ease with which the wild ducks are reared, when once the method is perfected, as it is at Tring, will strike everyone who sees the birds. There is not a sickly one amongst them. But this is the result of years of care and attention. This year the whole of the birds reared are from wild bird's eggs, which are picked up not only by the lakes, but from fields and hedges at long distances from the water on different parts of the estate, whither the ducks have chosen to fly to make their nests. Two old ducks with late sittings had actually chosen to come into the orchard, which the keeper was going to use as his rearing field, and had nested in the sheep's-parsley and long grass under the apple trees. One of these two birds, whose portrait is here



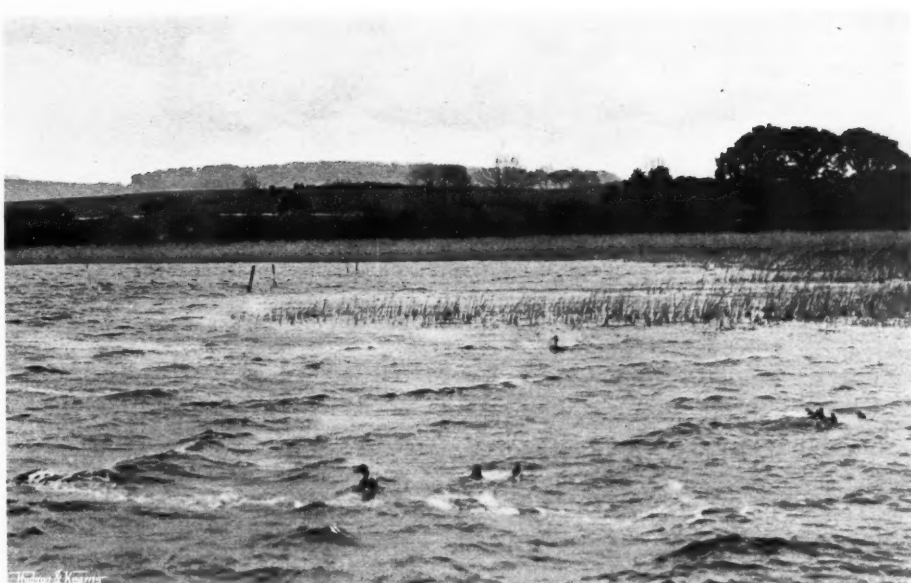
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A WILD POCHARD ON HER NEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

given, showed the most remarkable maternal courage in resenting the intrusion of a camera near her nest. She hustled off her eggs, and bit the finger of the person who was putting aside some of the grass to obtain a clearer view of the nest. She did this more than once, and also struck him with her wings. Then she transferred her hostility to the keeper, and, seizing his box-cloth leggings in her beak, pulled and shook them, after which the courageous old duck returned to her eggs and covered them, satisfied that she had prevented further intrusion.

The eggs when picked up are set in clutches of thirteen under hens in sitting-boxes, which are placed under cover. When the hens are taken off the nests for their daily meal they are put in a corresponding set of compartments, on a raised bench, and there fed. Each hen has her feeding-box numbered to correspond with the number of the nest on which she has been sitting, in order that there shall be no mistakes as to the length of time that each bird has to face the rather exhausting strain of incubation. The total number of some 400 eggs is set in batches of about 100 in each, with some days' interval. This is advisable, first because the keeper would



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EARED GREBE AND YOUNG.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

birds are allowed access later. Also during the early days each coop is provided with a shallow water pan, and another, rather larger, to hold the food. These are always kept scrupulously clean. Cleanliness marks every department of the rearing apparatus. The houses in which the hens have been sitting are perfectly fresh, and the houses where meal is mixed are as sweet as a baker's shop. Many of the birds reared in the orchard are taken down to the large reservoir, while birds reared at the latter are brought up to the two smaller lakes near the keeper's house. This ensures a disposition on the part of the birds to fly to the one when disturbed on the other, and so not to move off promiscuously over the country when one of the reservoirs is shot.

The head of the lake which is midway in area between the great reservoir of 170 acres and the small one near the road, is full of interest at this season. At the time of the writer's visit the water was fairly high after the heavy rains, but there was a considerable area of dry marsh, tussocks, and sedges, in which various fowl were nesting. In the reeds growing in the water numbers of small marsh-birds were singing or flitting about, while along the edge of this impenetrable and well-protected



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HUNGRY DUCKLINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

hardly be able to deal with 400 young birds all coming off on the same day, and also because it gives time for the more forward broods to be moved down to the water, and then to disperse before the later birds come to take their places. For the first three weeks the ducklings are fed four times a day, at first with hard-boiled eggs and bread-crumbs mixed with a little boiled rice, and later with duck-meal and maize porridge. In the rearing field the birds are not allowed to wander altogether at large when young. They have a curious liking for flocking together, quite unlike young pheasants, which usually keep pretty much each to their own hen. If left to themselves, forty or fifty ducklings would first pack by day, and then crowd into one coop by night. Consequently they are best divided off, so that each set of four or five broods can easily be separated and shut up in the coops by night. They are all amusingly independent and tame, paying very little attention to the hens, but feeding, running about, or basking, very much on their own account. Close to the orchard is a canal, from which a small stream of water is brought down a runnel to fill a pool, to which the



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THE DUCK KEEPER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

jungle, coots, water - hens, pochards, wild ducks, tufted ducks, and several families of eared grebes were swimming. There are said to be some eighteen pairs of these last fine birds on the different pieces of water. Their bright plumage, powers of diving, and loud notes make them an ornament to any water. Probably there is no more striking instance of what has been achieved by the preservation of wildfowl, and by the legal protection given to them, than the increase in the numbers of this fine grebe. In 1864 Mr. Stevenson, the author of "The Birds of Norfolk," wrote that they would soon be quite extinct, as they hardly survived even on the Norfolk Broads. Now they are appearing on every lake and reservoir of any size in the South of England. As they are quite useless for food, they should never be disturbed. The young birds were swimming with the grebes. The water was rather rough, as the excellent photograph here given shows, but the little birds floated on it like corks. When they are very young the old grebe claps them under her wing and dives with them. This was long suspected, but was proved by the unfortunate fact that one of the birds shot on a Norfolk Broad as she came up from below had a young one in the down under her wing and pressed close to her body. On the dry sedge-bed on the upper margin of the lake was a reed-warbler's nest, and another of the black-headed bunting. In the



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UNDER THE APPLE TREE.

"C.L."

different wildfowl, from swans and moorhens, made a most

thicker parts several pochards rose, and a pair of tufted ducks. The latter, which are very late breeders, had a nest of ten large olive-grey eggs laid in dry sedges. There were also several pochards' nests in the same congenial shelter. One of the birds, which had nearly completed incubation, was extraordinarily tame. She just moved off her eggs, and stood close by while the nest was photographed. She then moved on to the eggs again, and there sat, quite unconcerned, while her own portrait was taken. Many broods of wild-bred mallards were on the lake, some of which had taken shelter from the high wind near the boat-house. There was an amusing rush of ducks of all ages and sizes from this point to the shelter of the reeds, the smallest ducklings appearing to stand up and race at full speed along the top of the water.

On the great reservoir a long causeway on trestles runs out almost to the centre of the lake. Along this many pairs of duck and several pochards were sitting, while broods of all sizes were on the water. Some ducks were found to have eggs as early as February 16th this year, while others have not yet hatched off. The wide space of water on either side of this causeway, the foam which the fresh breeze threw up in miniature waves along the bank, the forms and notes of the many and Canada geese to young coots pleasing and unusual sight in



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THE HEAD OF A RESERVOIR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

such a quietly domestic county as Hertfordshire. All round the lake the sedge-warblers and reed-warblers were singing. Old wild ducks were taking their evening flight, or dropping down, like birds on Japanese screens, to snatch a few mouthfuls from the ducklings' last meal, while the keepers in the mixing-house were busy preparing a fresh supply of supper for the younger broods.

PARTRIDGE REARING IN JUNE.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR STOCK.

Having made up our mind as to what amount of stock we desire, the next thing is to determine the best way of obtaining that stock, a question which is very important at the present time, as the last two seasons have not, as a rule, been good partridge years, and the question of stock is an all-important one. This subject may be divided under the following headings:

1. Shooting light, early in September, old birds only. It is very good sport to go out on September 1st and pick the old birds out of each well-grown covey you find. Of course it would be cruel to kill more than one old bird out of a covey of "cheepers," but when the young birds are strong on the wing and well grown it is an excellent plan, and not so easy as some people might think, to pick seven or eight brace of old birds without making a mistake. The coveys deprived of their parents are apt to pack together, and in the pairing season this is a great advantage, as relations are not so likely to inter-breed.

2. Changing eggs from one beat or estate to another. This is easily done by the head-keeper telling his under-men to bring so many eggs from their beats on a certain day, and handing A's eggs over to B, etc. These eggs should be taken before the birds begin to sit.

3. Exchanging eggs with friends. This is a better plan still, provided both head-keepers play fair, as a more thorough change of blood is secured.

4. Turning down Hungarians. This question has been much discussed in several contemporaries. I can only say from experience that I believe it is a good plan; but you must turn out the birds not later than mid-December if you want to see the effect of a cross the following season, as our English birds have practically decided on their future mates (although they may not have actually paired) by the beginning of January. If the weather is mild at the end of December you will find many pairs about, but should hard weather follow, these pairs will get into packs again very speedily. In turning down Hungarians, I think the sexes should be separated—four hens in one place, four cocks in another, and so on; this gives a better chance of a first cross the first season. Many people expect an immediate result from turning down Hungarians. I am inclined to think that it is not till the third season that the good effects of the change of blood are fully apparent. Silver rings and other marks are of no use; they either get worn off, worked off, or clog the birds' legs with clay, and impede their movements. Poultry-keepers and pigeon-fanciers use this means of identification, I know, but do their birds spend their lives on arable land, and are they out on the fallows all night during heavy rain? I think not. I tried the plan of wringing all the cocks' necks of one small batch of Hungarians and simply turned down the hens, and believe it was successful; at any rate, we had very few barren birds on that particular beat the following season. As regards practical results, in 1892 Hungarians were turned out on a certain estate in the West of England; this was repeated for the next three seasons.

In old days "walking up" only was practised, and about fifty brace to four guns was a very good day, and a bag of, on the average, 500 brace per year was reckoned satisfactory. After 1892, on the central part of the property, which consists of moderate-sized fields and fairly flat country, driving was practised, whilst the old system of walking up stills holds good over the larger portion of the estate. The bag has increased from the old average of 500 brace to something over 1,200 brace per season, and I may add that a very large stock of foxes enjoy themselves and give amusement to others at the same time. On another estate in the north-east of England where driving had been the practice for years, and also where a large number of foxes find their happy home, the bag, up to 1895, never exceeded sixty brace in the day. Since then, by turning down Hungarians and looking a little more carefully after the stock, just on 150 brace, three days running, have been killed, and that bag would have been considerably exceeded if the past season had been a good one, which unfortunately it did not by any means prove to be.

5. Hungarian eggs have been imported, and the keepers who have had the rearing of the birds from these eggs have told me that, though the birds are weak and difficult to rear at first, still they can generally count on about 50 per cent. living to grow up strong and healthy. Some people say, "Oh, these Hungarian partridges and eggs are only poached from English estates." True this may be in some cases, but if the purchaser goes to a reliable man and demands to see the foreign invoices, I do not quite see how any fraud could be practised, or how it could possibly pay to try and commit one.

6. Hand-rearing partridges, if done on a small scale, pays, I think and if care is taken not to shoot the pack of hand-reared birds, they will make a rare good stock for the following season, as they are all young and not related, being the produce of eggs laid in nests that have been cut out, disturbed in some way or other, or laid in dangerous places; or you may put the young birds when three weeks old in the cornfields with the hens; they will soon run to the wild coveys, and the hens will be picked up by foxes. But to turn down some hundreds of hand-reared birds, drive them early in the season, and then talk about the bag and "sport!" is not to my mind worthy of the latter name, as the poor things are shot when they are still half tame, have not got their proper strength of flight, and do not know their way about the country.

7. Where there are many foxes—the Euston Plan is a very good one, but this requires very able keeping—I understand the plan is this: The keepers take up the eggs when laid and place old or sham eggs under the hen partridges; the fresh eggs are then put under hens, and when they are "chipping" they are taken out and placed under the various partridges known to be sitting, the sham eggs being taken away. They are hatched off that night, and escape, with their parents, into the nearest cornfield the following day. By this means many nests which would have been robbed by Brer Fox escape, as the eggs are only in danger for one night. But, as I said before, you want first-rate keepers, who know every nest on their beat, for this plan. Nests can be filled up to twenty-six eggs.

8. An excellent plan, especially where there are many foxes on the beat, is the French system of rearing partridges in confinement. It has been tried successfully in this country, and I understand is being largely adopted this year. The system is, shortly, as follows: Catch up as many birds as you want—say twenty brace—and if you want change of blood, buy twenty brace



W. A. Rouch.

A GOOD COVEY.

Copyright—"C.L."

of Hungarians; these birds should all be obtained by the beginning of December. Pinion each bird by an ingenious French invention consisting of a small leather strap, which closes the feathers of the wing so that the bird cannot fly; this can easily be removed later on when you wish to turn the birds out. Having caught up your birds, and when pinioning them, tie a bit of ribbon round one leg, each ribbon being of a different colour. Separate the sexes, putting the cock birds into one half of two large oval pens; having previously run a wire division down the centre of each main pen, put the hens in the other divisions. You will thus have twenty cocks and twenty hens in each main pen. By careful observation early in January the keeper in charge will very soon notice that the birds are beginning to take mutual fancies; for instance, he may notice that one of the cocks with an orange ribbon on his leg is anxious to mate with a hen bird that has a blue and white ribbon on. When he is certain of this, he can go in and catch these two birds up and place them in a previously-prepared circular pen, 8yds. or gyds. in diameter, 6ft. high, with a loose wire running round the top to keep out cats, foxes, &c., the bottom 3ft. being screened with bracken, brushwood, or straw.

Feed the pairs in each of these pens with chopped meat, a little corn, etc.; when they nest, as they are sure to do, the nest may be filled up with eggs found in dangerous places, cut out, etc., to the number of twenty-six in each. When the hen bird has hatched off her covey and they are three or four days old, catch them up at night, remove the pinioning strap (and ribbon if there is any left), and place the family in any field of standing corn you may select. Your keeper will have no further trouble, as the parent birds will look after their young, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have forty coveys on your property, probably averaging some twenty to twenty-two birds apiece, besides what the foxes and possibly an indifferent season have left you. Of course, this can be done on any scale you like, and the larger the scale the cheaper it will be in the end, always provided that the acreage available for turning out is sufficient. These birds will not pack or wander (if not overcrowded) like the hand-reared birds, and by

this means you can afford to shoot your ground much closer than in the ordinary way.

Circular pens are very necessary, as they have no corners. Roughly speaking, for forty pens you would require 30yds. of wire for each pen—i.e. 1,200yds. of 6ft. wire—and 400yds. of the same for the two main oval pens—i.e. 1,600yds. of wire—which would last for years with ordinary care. The space occupied by forty pens, giving a yard between each for the keeper to move about between them, would be, supposing you placed them in four rows of ten and allowing 10yds. for each pen, 100yds. by 40yds., or not quite an acre. I believe that in some instances the sexes are not separated to start with, but that an equal number of cocks and hens are turned into each main oval pen, with distinguishing ribbons on each bird, and that as soon as they have paired they are anxious to get away from the others, and can be easily caught by putting semi-circular bays in the oval, filled with bushes or loose bracken.

9. How to encourage nesting. On most estates there are certain poor fields that have little or no agricultural value. Select two or three of these in suitable positions, run a plough to make a treble furrow east and west

across a field, spade up the two outside furrows so as to make a narrow bank, and sow broom, bracken, or gorse. Have three or four of these banks in the field, each facing north and south. This will make a grand nesting-place, there being six rows, including the top hedge, all facing south. Between these low nesting-places sow barley, buckwheat, and any other crop you fancy; never mind how thin it comes up. Keep the hedges well clipped and strong below, to keep out dogs, and you will find that the partridges will come there in great numbers in hard weather and get mixed up; it is the cheapest form of "remise," and well worth a trial.

As regards the food of hand-reared partridges, I have reared a sitting or two for several years, and brought them up as pets; they are charming little fellows, and become very tame and very bold. I give them custard the first two or three days, with some very fine chopped meat; after that, ants' eggs, if I can get them, a little boiled rice, canary seed, and odds and ends of meat. They practically keep themselves on a small green fly, which you can see them jumping at on every blade of grass.

ARTHUR ACLAND HOOD.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.

THE third volume of "English Literature" (Heinemann) deals with the writers from Milton to Johnson, and therefore is concerned mainly with the eighteenth century, though the latter half of the seventeenth comes in also. It would be difficult and misleading to generalise about so long a period. Sooth to say, Mr. Gosse seldom attempts it, and when he does makes us ask, "Hast any

philosophy in thee, shepherd?" As an annalist he may be very well, but those who go to him for the hidden forces that cause literary life to ebb and flow are likely to come away disappointed. He takes up his parable at the death of Bacon, and laments that he "left English literature painfully impoverished" and threatened with "a return to barbarism." In such terms might we imagine the historian of 2003 describing the reaction from Tennyson to

Rudyard Kipling. But it must be so. Out of old conventions the original man constructs a new convention for himself, and, if he be strong and conspicuous, calls into being a host of imitators, who turn his living principles into dead formulæ. The little tin imitators of Dumas who have made the "cloak and rapier" novel stink in the public nostril, the small Swinburnes, the small Dickenses, the pinchbeck Thackerays—do we not know them all, each as a blind follower of his pet convention? So what was depth and beauty in Shakespeare and his greatest contemporaries is turned into rant and fustian by the crowd that followed. Hence the period of barren idleness, hence the growth of a new convention, a new style in literature. It was not accidental, but belonged emphatically to the spirit of the age. Those glorious visions of Nature that Shakespeare could not keep out of his plays gave way to a search after lucidity. In poetry this is exemplified by Dryden, Pope, and their school, all so neat, clear, and pointed, but never going down to those depths of passion, pity, and remorse that in Elizabeth's time all aimed at, and some achieved. So in prose, the style in clearness began to approximate to that of Voltaire and the best French writers. It was excellent for narrative purposes, and no writer in the English language has had a more perfect mastery of it than Henry Fielding, though Mr. Gosse, in the only illustration he has drawn from the novels, has perversely chosen a descriptive passage—the account of Mr. Allanthyp's house in "Tom Jones." But he does not seem to appreciate "the father of the English novel." Nor is this surprising. Fielding has always received the highest praise from writers who themselves shared his imaginative gift—Scot, for example, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot. It is only stating a fact to say that Mr. Gosse has never displayed any skill in story-writing. The defect probably accounts for the unilluminative character of his dissertation on the novelists. Indeed, the prose as a whole is very badly done. A book of this kind is known by its extracts, and we doubt if anybody with the same material before him could have chosen a duller lot than Mr. Gosse has done. His quotation from Izaak Walton is out of the indifferent "Life of Mr. George Herbert," and even so the one perfect little phrase in that biography is omitted. Of Sir Thomas Browne he gives no stately and sombre passage, but a bit about the glow-worm and another from the "Quincunx," here again omitting the salient fact in literary history. Browne, too, in his own department had set up a new convention, and its influence is easily traced in the style of Dr. Johnson and in many another, till we come as far as Charles Lamb and Macaulay. Of course it is possible that



After Reynolds

CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS TALBOT.

by Val Green.

Mr. Gosse has avoided quoting the beautiful passages because they are so well known. Only at rare intervals does he deviate into the beautiful, as when he quotes a celebrated sentence from Sir William Temple:

"When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

In dealing with verse, very much the same characteristics are to be observed. From Milton he quotes the canzonet, "At a Solemn Music":

"Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raisd phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
Were the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise,
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
Oh, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God, ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!"

"Beyond these eight-and-twenty lines," says Mr. Gosse, "no poet, and not Milton himself, has proceeded." "De gustibus non est disputandum"; but in "Lycidas," in "Il Penseroso," and

"L'Allegro" the words appear more winged, the imagery more vivid, the pictorial quality more startlingly real. The quotations from George Herbert illustrate one side of his poetic nature excellently, his fantastic inventiveness, but they give no clue to the stately sadness of such a poem as "Evensong":

"And still thou goest on, and still
With darkness closest wearie eyes,
Saying to man, 'This doth suffice,
Henceforth repose, thy work is done.'"

Among later eighteenth-century bards, the object of Mr. Gosse's most fervent enthusiasm was Thomson. "Jemmy Thomson" was "epoch-making," and "to the European peoples of that time at least as great an intellectual and moral portent as Ibsen has been to ours." Besides calling Jemmy "epoch-making" and a "moral portent," Mr. Gosse rates the British public for neglecting him, but his quotation from "The Seasons" scarcely seems to justify this rapturous admiration. The second verse of the "Castle of Indolence" would go as near to doing it as anything could:

"In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play."

Another intrinsically small man whose horn is exalted by our author is Edward Young of the "Night Thoughts," whose lugubrious poems had, we imagined, disappeared even from the school-books. On the subject of Gray Mr. Gosse does not Meynellise, but has the courage to be orthodox and true. He describes the "Elegy" as the "most characteristic single poem of the eighteenth century." To Goldsmith, too, he does justice, and quotes most properly from "Auburn":

"Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose."

Our extracts and comments will have explained fairly well the nature of the book Mr. Gosse has written. It may be



After Reynolds

LADIES WALDEGRAVE.

by Val Green.

described as a something between an encyclopædia and an anthology. Spasmodically only does Mr. Gosse make any attempt to unravel the various threads that join together to make English literature, and his work loses homogeneity from the want of something to generalise and harmonise the material into one great survey. Mr. Gosse has been exposed to a severe test, and he does not emerge crowned with success. He is much too prone not to admire the very greatest sufficiently or to bestow

remarks to the great body of working people, the leisured and educated classes being able in a large measure to enjoy the comforts alike of the country and the town. If they are addicted to open-air pastimes, they have their bicycles or their motor-cars, their golf and cricket and rowing and tennis clubs, which help them to keep in condition. At week-ends they can betake themselves to some quiet country place, and, even if physical exercise does not seem necessary, they at least enjoy the full benefit of the fresh

air. In many cases they do not even live in town, but, with the aid of a season-ticket, travel up in the morning from some semi-rural suburb and return at night. In this way their health is kept up to a fairly high level, and the smartness and activity engendered in a town like London are themselves a help. Even so, however, a company of City merchants chosen at hazard, say even the members of the Stock Exchange, with whose pedestrian prowess we are all familiar, would compare but ill with such a gathering of farmers as may be seen at the inn "ordinary" every market day, fresh air and exercise producing what all the comforts of the "sautmarket" fail to give. If the comparison be carried lower down, and the working-men of town be compared with the country labourers, the contrast will indeed be striking. Or, to illustrate the principle from another point of view, let us take the deep-sea fishermen, who, despite the iniquitous competition of steam trawls and other fearsome engines of destruction, may still be found in the hamlets and little towns of our coast-line. Judged by their dress, they would scarcely excite comment; a blue jersey, a ragged pair of trousers, a cap, and a pair of badly-mended boots, with something that is more like a halter than a comforter worn round the neck, do not seem very alluring; but the immense shoulders of these men, their splendid clear eyes, their ruddy complexions, and also, one would say, their almost invariable cheerfulness and happy spirits, show that they really are the people whose forefathers have made this Empire and whose sons would be not unworthy to carry out the splendid dreams of the modern Imperialist.

On the other hand, let us look at the sort of item who figures as a town-bred workman, and where shall we find him? Probably there is only one covert that could be drawn without the chance of a blank, and that is the tavern or the stupid modern equivalent of the old-fashioned inn or beerhouse. He is bloated, nervous, very likely consumptive, for these are the inevitable results of the conditions under which he lives. He never gets enough open

air; he regards his work as standing in the place of exercise; he smokes too much tobacco, and drinks too much bad beer and worse spirits; his home is overcrowded; and to stimulate his miserable and artificial appetite he has been forced to relinquish the beef, bread, and homebrewed of which Wellington's Englishmen were built up, and take to knick-knacks and kickshaws. If that is his condition now, what is it likely to be three generations hence? His physique has so far been saved from utter demoralisation because of the stream of fresh vigorous blood flowing continuously from the country into the town, and everyone who thinks about the question at all will hope that this stream will continue to flow, and that the man who happens to be born in the country, endowed with the capacity that would win him distinction amongst the crowds of his fellow-men, will always quit the plough-stilts for the factory or the counting-house. But if that flow be dammed, or, rather, dried up at its source, and the street-bred persons, hollow-eyed mechanic and consumptive mill-girl, be allowed to become the father and mother of the people in whose hands the destiny of the Empire will be placed, it is easy to see that short will be its sway.

A problem of the future, therefore, which transcends all others in importance is that of fixing the working man to the soil, not in the old sense of the labourer's being *adscriptus glebe*, but tied to the rural home by those invisible and stronger bonds



After James Northcott

THE SPELL.

by J. Walker.

excessive praise on those who can scarcely be said to deserve it. Nor does he bring out the character of the period very clearly. The book is very profusely illustrated with fac-simile pages from old editions, rare pictures, portraits, and so on. It seems to have been modelled on a work that one of the morning papers brought out a few years ago.

STREET-BRED IMPERIALISTS.

AN interesting correspondence has been going on in one of our daily contemporaries in regard to the efficiency, not of our State departments, but of our people as a whole. The two sides of the argument ought to be weighed carefully against each other, because ambition of itself will not create an Empire unless there are the men behind to realise it. Now the facts, as census after census has disclosed, are that throughout Great Britain there is a tendency for people to leave the fields and huddle together in the large centres of population. The contention is that when forced to live under urban conditions, the human animal deteriorates in size and strength. Care must, however, be taken to limit these

of love and self-interest. These considerations make it apparent that if a statesman like Mr. Chamberlain is going to attempt seriously the building up of a new and greater Empire, much more is necessary than the evocation of certain sentimental feelings of kinship between the Colonies and the Mother Country, or even of a fiscal policy common to all parts of the Empire. The scheme would lack balance unless joined to these was some plan for encouraging the growth of a country population at home. Our town populations are hopeless. Even if Mr. Zangwill succeeded in his attempt to get all the impecunious Jews shipped off to Zion, there are enough poor aliens left to keep down the stamina of Londoners for years to come, quite independent of their own tendency to decadence. It may be urged, on the other hand, that the Colonies offer numerous inducements to those who find their happiness in an outdoor life. On the bush and on the veldt, under the burning Indian skies, and on the wheat-fields of Canada, there is abundant room for the natural man to grow and develop. Quite so! But the policy of the British Empire is that the Mother Country should not rely on its colonial children, but each separate part of the King's dominions should be as far as possible an independent kingdom. Anything else would involve something like a general conscript system. Hitherto the Colonies have helped the Mother Country, not because they were in any moral or legal sense bound to do so, but out of natural affection.

DUTCH MASTERS . . . AT GUILDHALL.

AN interesting collection of Dutch paintings has been gathered together this year in the Corporation of London Art Gallery. For those bound by duty or necessity to spend the summer in the dusty heat of the City, Mr. Temple, the director, has provided a most enjoyable and instructive show. He seems to have said: If Nature's refreshing breezes and cool green spaces are denied to many, some may, at least, find consolation in the quiet harmony of these Dutch pictures, full of that soft, caressing light common to moist atmospheres, and the restful greens and tender greys which are the peculiarity of the modern Dutch school.

This year the interest of the exhibition is centred as much on the modern as on the old work; this, no doubt, is due to the admirable selection of Israel's, Mauve's, and Bosboom's pictures, as well as to those of the three brothers Maris. Never before has so large a number of canvases been shown in London by that exquisite and sensitive artist, Mathew Maris, the eldest of the three brothers. We find ourselves regretting that all his pictures are not hung together in one separate panel, so that we might feel certain that none had by accident been overlooked. As it is, they are scattered about among the other works by modern artists, harming these by their quiet indisputable superiority.

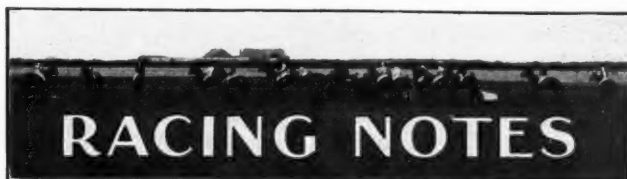
In Mathew Maris we have a poet and a dreamer, an exquisite colorist and a most refined draughtsman, a painter of romance and an idealistic realist. "A Gothic disposition, with the touch of a Van Eyck, with the culture of a Da Vinci," as one of his contemporaries has described him. "An idealist proof against the materialism of to-day; a lonely man in every sense of the word." Those who had the good fortune to see a small canvas called "Souvenir d'Amsterdam," shown at Goupil's in Regent Street some few years ago, will recognise the same hand in the landscapes "Montmartre," "The Four Windmills," and "The Out-kirts of a Town," the last lent by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. But there is a side of Mathew Maris's art which is less known. This is revealed in such pictures as "The Well," "Back Premises," "The Butterflies," "A Lady and Goats," or "A Fantasy." These canvases are filled with a poignant note of romance. The strange, delicate little figures seem to come from some remote dreamland. They have a certain affinity with Memline's Madonnas, with La Princesse Maleine, and the mystic, mediæval creatures of the Maeterlinckian drama. But, side by side with this rare poetic faculty in Mathew Maris, we find the greatest sensibility to plastic beauty. Where shall we turn, among all living painters, for a truer, a more exquisite colour sense? Where shall we find more beautiful flesh tones—a more refined quality of blues, reds, browns—than in "L'Enfant Couchée," "The Butterflies," or "The Well"? In some of these restrained colour schemes we are reminded of the early Italian painters. Perhaps of Botticelli more than the others. For pure beauty in the quality of colour and light in his pictures Mathew Maris stands alone among modern painters.

In the present exhibition there are some excellent examples of Josef Israel's, of Mauve's, and of Jacob and William Maris's works; but good as these pictures are, they all lose by comparison with the work of such an artist as Mathew Maris. Israel's becomes anecdotic, Mauve's slight and shallow, and the two Maris brothers technical experts.

In Gallery IV., reserved for the old masters of the Dutch school, a small but a fairly representative collection is shown. Amongst them is a fine portrait of his son Titus by Rembrandt, a Biblical subject, "Abraham Dismissing Hagar and Ishmael," which is not one of the artist's best pictures, and a very fine landscape lent by Lady Wantage—"The Beginning of the Storm," by the same artist. This last is an extensive view of flat Dutch country, with sand-dunes in the distance. A magnificent impression of rolling storm-clouds is conveyed, with fitful gleams of light breaking through and falling across portions of the landscape in the distance. Besides several interesting canvases by Frans Hals, there are works by Hobbema, Ruisdael, Jan Steen, Terburg, Cuyp, Weenix, Ostade, Van Goyen, and others equally well known. There are, too, some excellent still life, game, and flower pieces, and amongst

the canvases, which are more in the nature of studies than pictures, is an interesting life-sized study of a cow's head by Cuyp.

Students of water-colour should not fail to observe the masterly handling of this medium by the modern Dutch artists. A small selection of these wash drawings is hung apart, on the gallery which overlooks the permanent collection of the Corporation.



RACING NOTES

BESIDES the big steeplechase meeting at Auteuil, which has acquired the importance of an international fixture, there were five meetings held in different parts of England last week. The interest of the racing public, however, was practically absorbed by the one big event of the week, the Manchester Cup, which was decided on Friday. After Our Lassie's clever victory in the Oaks, most people voted the race a good thing for her, and she was fully expected to emulate the performance of another Oaks heroine, La Roche, who won both races in 1900. As I remarked last week, the latter won the Oaks by a street, while Our Lassie only just got home, after an accident which hampered her most dangerous opponents, from a field of fillies whom last year's racing proved to be very inferior to the colts. She ran prominently for half the distance, and then stopped like a non-stayer, leaving Lord Howard de Walden's Zinfandel to fight out the issue with Cliftonhall, whom he defeated by a length, with the rest of the field a hundred yards away. The winner was one of the late Colonel M'Calmont's horses, purchased by his present owner, and is a chestnut son of Persimmon. Like his illustrious sire, he is evidently a much better colt as a three year old than he was in his first season, when he did nothing to justify the high estimate held of him by his trainer. It is hardly necessary to go through the remainder of the Manchester programme. The minor handicaps did not bring out any horses who could be described by a more complimentary adjective than "useful." Mr. Joel's run of luck ended when Kilcheran scored his third successive victory this year in the Castle Irwell Handicap, the first day, as His Lordship, who was backed with much confidence on Saturday, just failed to beat Speculator in the Salford Borough Handicap, the latter securing the £1,000 prize by a head. Sir Blundell Maple's Queen Holiday and Mr. Stedall's Marsden had no difficulty in winning the two chief two year old races, the latter being of the value of £1,000, a sort of plum which is commoner at Manchester than elsewhere.

The Bank Holiday meetings at Hurst Park, Redcar, and Wolverhampton were favoured with fine weather, and provided good entertainment for the big holiday crowds which attended them. The management at the former resort is a liberal one, and spends the money provided by the shillings of its supporters—I hear there were 74,000 present on Whit-Monday—in furnishing good prizes, which deserved more numerous and better-class fields than those which contested them. The company which turned out for the Great Whitsuntide Plate of £1,000 was, however, not wanting in quality, as it included Kroonstad, Hackler's Pride, the unbeaten Smilax, and Caravel. They all succumbed to Mr. Brassey's Wild Oats, who was in receipt of a small maiden allowance. Smilax, who never knew defeat in her two year old days, has evidently not come on as she should have done, and she practically took no part in the race, finishing behind Kroonstad, who was giving her a stone, and was inferior to her at even weights last year. In the Hurst Park Yearling Plate of the same value, on the second day, Sir Ernest Cassel's Sermon, who is better adapted to short courses than to the longer ones he has recently been asked to compete over, as was to be expected, smashed up the weak opposition, and the only surprise in the race was that he started at such a price as 6 to 5 on him. His chance would have been more correctly estimated had 6 to 1 been asked for by the fielders, as he is probably equal to any animal of his age, except the Derby winner, over six furlongs. Two selling platers, Potin and Lucinda, fought out the finish in the chief handicap of the meeting, the latter just getting home and repaying in one instalment the price paid for her by Mr. Hibbert, the well-known bookmaker.

The other Bank Holiday meetings call for little notice. Mr. Neumann's Irish purchase, Wise Alec, followed in the footsteps of his compatriot, Wavelet's Pride, by winning the Ingestre Handicap, and then going on to Manchester and taking another small race of the same sort when carrying a penalty. The Ballette filly's victorious sequence ended with the Whitsuntide Handicap, when she just failed to carry her penalty home, finishing two heads and a neck behind the winner, Robino, after a good race. A good-looking two year old in Addlstone won the Bradford Plate, and the Kempton heroine, Game Hen, made a bold show in the Wolverhampton Handicap, but her penalty stopped her, and she could only run a good second to Longford Lad, who had run well at Salisbury.

The racing at Brighton on Friday and Saturday was of the poorest quality, although the fields were fairly numerous. The unreliable Cerillo, who last year created a surprise by defeating Royal Lancer at York, and who has never reproduced a glimpse of the form which got him home on that occasion, won the Bevedean Plate the first day, carrying the top weight, and showed his liking for the course on Saturday by repeating the performance in the Sussex Plate, which he won from a big field. Another persistently disappointing animal scored a similar double, St. Enogat, who had hitherto never earned a shilling towards defraying his training expenses, winning the Brighton Handicap on Friday and the High-Weight Handicap on Saturday. The two year olds, the filly by Juggler out of Magdala and Goma, who fought out the issue in the Laughton Plate, were, perhaps, of somewhat better class than those who made up the fields in the other races. The most noticeable, and to most of us the least pleasant, feature of the meeting was the failure of the favourites. The only one to get home was Maladroït, who won the Duke of Devonshire his first race this year, starting at slight odds laid on him in a

field of three in the last race, and perhaps he brought some slight compensation to backers for a disastrous two days.

Many English followers of the Turf visited Auteuil for the big steeplechase meeting, where our representatives met with no success. Mr. Gardner, who seems to have taken his luck with him across the Channel, won the big steeplechase with Veinard. St. Moritz, who started favourite, fell. *Le perfide Albion* was again defeated in the hurdle race, which was won by the French horse, Niviolet, from start to finish. As the English horses, Karakoul and Kinrar, finished second and third, insular self-esteem received some slight solatium; but the French class of horses trained for jumping is usually better than our own, for the reason that what is the fashion to call the illegitimate business receives more pecuniary encouragement on the other side of the Channel.

The result of the Grand Prix, decided on Sunday, leaves us in as great a state of bewilderment as the French Derby. Quo Vadis, always held to be inferior to his stable companions, Vinicius and Caius, won. Caius was second, and Vinicius third, an exact reversal of the home estimate of their relative capacity.

The publication of the weights for the Ascot Stakes and Royal Hunt

Cup suggests a consideration of the chief events of the week. His Majesty's colours may be seen in front in the Prince of Wales's Stakes the first day, Countermark being his chief opponent among those who have been out this year. Kingsclere may furnish a danger in Songcraft, and L'Aiglon, who was backed for the Derby, is among the entries. John o' Gaunt, a son of Isinglass and La Fleche, is in the Coventry Stakes, but he may be seen out on Saturday at Hurst Park, when he holds a valuable engagement, and we are sure to see other promising two year olds make their *début* at the Royal meeting, among whom may be Sanroque, brother to Rock Sand, and two or three from France, including a son of Flying Fox.

Skyscraper and Sun Rose may fight out a third battle in the Coronation Stakes on Wednesday. Sceptre is a doubtful competitor in the Gold Cup, and William the Third should have little difficulty in repeating his victory of last year. Rock Sand can choose between the St. James's Palace Stakes on Thursday and the Hardwicke Stakes on Friday, for which Sceptre is more likely to run than in the Gold Cup. But I have not space to go into the programme with its puzzling list of Triennials and Biennials. There is every promise of a good meeting, and if there are few good horses in training, we are likely to see the best that can be produced at the Royal meeting. KAPPA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WAIF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a fox cub, which I trust you will consider interesting enough to publish. The old vixen, unfortunately, came by an untimely end—probably she was trapped. However, it happened that the cubs were found wandering about in the vicinity of the earth, evidently searching for food which they were unable to find. The one photographed had taken refuge in a hollow tree, but so hungry was he that the offer of a young rabbit tempted him to leave his retreat, and the enclosed snap-shot was secured. The cubs,



four in number, were all captured, and are being reared by the keeper until they are able to look after themselves. It is just this sort of fox that, if left to his own responsibility, becomes a confirmed poultry thief and game destroyer. He is left to look after himself at an age when he is unable to catch his natural prey, and finally he strays into the farmyard or visits the pheasant coops. Here he finds a plentiful supply of food, and soon becomes cunning enough to evade the watch-dog and other dangers surrounding a human dwelling. Having once learned how easy it is to get excellent meals for the trouble of carrying them away, it is not likely that he will take the trouble to hunt the hedgerows for rats and rabbits. If, however, he is kept until he is fully developed, and then turned down without having acquired a taste for forbidden fruit, in all probability his instinct will teach him to hunt for his natural food, and when the time comes he will most likely know the country well enough to show good sport.—FOX-HUNTER.

BARRED WINDOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your sympathetic note in reference to the fire at Eton suggests some rather old-fashioned views as to barred windows. The feeling against the barred window is quite modern, though in the case quoted the object was not to keep other people out, but to keep the boys in. In the dwelling-houses of the Middle Ages, and down to the days of Henry VII., barred

windows were universal. There was either no glass or the glass was movable, and only put into place when the family were at home. When an owner had several houses he seems to have carried his windows about with him. The bars seem all to have been the same, and many of them survive. They were square wrought-iron cross-bars, neatly carried over each other, and quite immovable. No one could have got in at a window, or out of it either. Behind these, in cold weather or at night, was fixed a wooden shutter, which opened back. In the school attached to "God's House" at Ewelme, part of the model village built by the Duchess of Suffolk in the days of Henry VI., these bars are all intact, and glass in wooden frames has been fitted behind them, where the old wooden shutters were formerly. By the beginning of the reign of Henry VII. glazed lead casements with no bars seem to have come into general use, as the form of the windows and the mullions shows.—C. J. C.

BLUE HYDRANGEAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am wishful to have in my garden plenty of blue hydrangeas, I mean of the colour seen in Devonshire and Cornwall, but I am told that this colouring is simply due to the soil in which the shrubs are planted. Of course one can get flowers of any colour with the help of dyes, but that is not what I mean. Perhaps you can give me some advice.—S. B.

[The blue colouring is due to the presence of iron in the soil, at least, that is our experience, and if any reader can disprove it, we shall be glad to have his reasons. A well-known gardening authority tried, for the sake of experiment, various recipes for turning pink hydrangeas blue, but the flowers changed their clear and pretty pink for a dull washy magenta-purple, a harsh and unpleasant colouring. One station-master in North Devon, who has a wonderful blue hydrangea, deluges it every year with water heavily impregnated with iron, and the result is flowers of a clear and attractive shade. The following letter from an old gardener may be interesting to our correspondent: "My father was head-gardener to a nobleman for forty-five years. In 1836 I served as a lad in the garden under him, and to produce the blue hydrangeas we used to collect the shales that fall from the hot iron at the blacksmith's, and mix them with the soil for potting or planting in at the rate of one part of iron to eight or ten of soil, with a little peat and sand added. We had very fair success, but about forty years ago I found that watering with alum water at the rate of one ounce to a gallon of water was more satisfactory. Secure good plants from old stools or previous year's cuttings, and when the flower trusses begin to show strongly, prepare the alum water by crushing the alum and dissolving it in hot water, and when cold it is fit for use. It must be carefully given at intervals of eight or ten days, or about six times before the petals begin to open, when it must cease. It must not be given when the plants are very dry. In this way I have had flowers of a beautiful dark blue colour. It is well to label the hydrangeas, as if you keep them in the same soil they give blue flowers for years. If the plants are reotted or fresh cuttings struck the flowers change to the normal pink, and the process must be repeated."—ED.]

AN ASPARAGUS DESTROYER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much troubled with a lovely little beetle which is ravaging my asparagus beds. The asparagus is Connover's Colossal, but I presume the pest is indifferent as to what the variety may be. If you would kindly give me a remedy, I should be much obliged.—A. S. T.

[This is one of the most beautiful of all beetles. It has been found very useful to dust the plants with finely-powdered lime, or to spray them with paraffin emulsion or Paris green. Of course, the two latter cannot be applied until the cutting is finished, as they would render the shoots poisonous. To make the paraffin emulsion, dissolve one quart of soft soap in two quarts of boiling water; while the liquid is still boiling hot, add eight pints of paraffin oil, and churn all together for ten minutes with a syringe. When the oil is thoroughly incorporated with the soap and water, which it should then be, add eight gallons or nine gallons of water, stir all well together, and the solution is ready for use. Paris green should be obtained, if possible, in a paste; use half a pound to every 100 gallons of water; do not forget to add half a pound of fresh lime to the mixture before using it. Paris green is very heavy, so that the mixture must be kept well stirred, or some of it will be

used too strong and some not strong enough. These mixtures are best applied with one of the knapsack sprayers. To cut down and burn all the plants would be the best way of destroying the insect, but it would, of course, weaken the plants. Some of the shoots that are very badly attacked should be removed and destroyed, taking care that the insects do not drop off while the operation is being carried out. Some of the insects might be beaten off the "grass" with a stick and trampled on. There are probably two, or perhaps three, generations of this insect during the year, as eggs, beetles, and fully-grown grubs may be found on the plants at the same time.—ED.]

IVY POISONING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In all probability the plant which produced such direful effects was *Rhus toxicodendron*, a native of the United States and of Japan. It has a superficial resemblance to the *Ampelopsis Veitchii* so largely used for covering walls. Many years ago, when visiting a well-known nursery, I saw specimens of *Rhus toxicodendron*, then lately imported from Japan, labelled as *Ampelopsis Veitchii*. I pointed out the error, and the danger, but unfortunately the mischief was done. Numerous specimens had been distributed under the wrong name, and from that time to this I have occasionally had specimens sent to me for identification, owing to the painful consequences that have ensued from handling them. Some persons are much more seriously affected by it than others, but as the plant belongs to a poisonous race it should always be handled with caution. The true *ampelopsis* are quite innocent. The leaves of the *rhus* assume brilliant tints in autumn, like the vines. Botanically the *rhus* has nothing whatever to do either with the ivy or the vine.—M. T. M.

DOG-GATES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some little time back a correspondent of yours asked for information as to old farmhouses where dog-gates are in use. I am sending two photographs taken at Westup Farmhouse, near Broxmead, Sussex. The dog-gates here are particularly good in design, and are still in good preservation. The second photograph shows the kitchen. Westup is a very interesting example of the old Sussex farmhouse.—B. H.

ROOKS PREYING ON YOUNG BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "H. G. H." gives a sad account of the depravity of the rook, but gives no proof or attempted proof that the offender was a rook. The whole story is exactly what might be expected of a crow, and the difficulty of distinguishing a rook from a crow under such circumstances would be considerable. There is not sufficient difference in size between the two to make a distinction, and it would want good eyes to see the grey at the base of the beak so as to be sure it was there. I have seen a crow try to peck out the eyes of a lamb and the ewe successfully defend her babe, but in Essex I am told that crows do great harm in this way, but no one has ever said that it is rooks; so I shall, unless further evidence is forthcoming, continue to believe the rook was a crow.—THACKERAY TURNER.

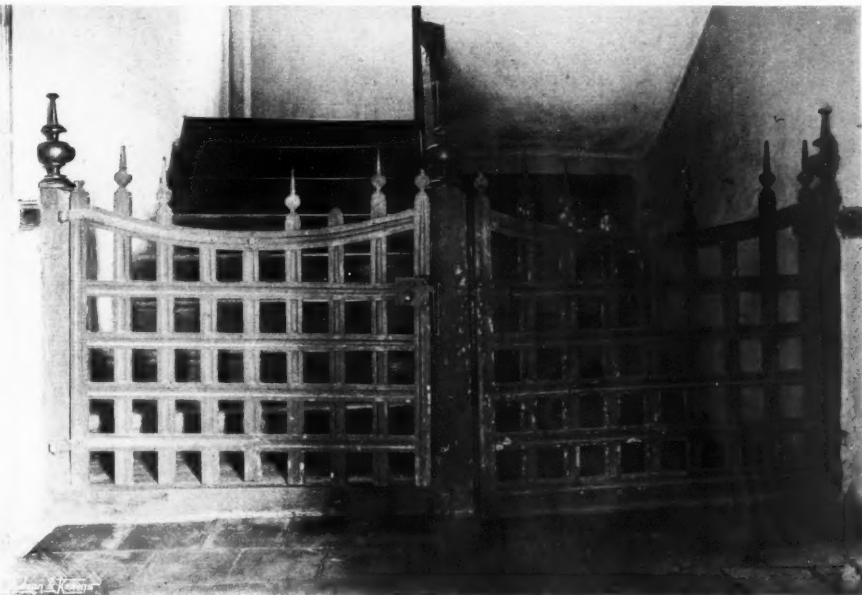


THE ECCENTRIC WAGTAIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested to see that in last week's *COUNTRY LIFE* you inserted a letter concerning the curious behaviour of a wagtail. During this spring I have also noticed a precisely similar trait in a wagtail's character. For some reason the bird has been furiously beating itself against every window in the house, apparently without any discrimination of locality. As we have only moved into our house this spring, we at first

thought that during the period of the builders' and painters' dominion some window had been left open and the wagtail had built inside the house, and was endeavouring to return to its former nesting-place. Accordingly whenever the bird appeared I threw open the window, but curiously enough, although it used to settle on the window-sill, nothing would induce it to enter the room, but, instead, it would actually fly up and attack the glass above. Flies cannot be the explanation in this case, as the wagtail began this curious behaviour in March, when no flies would be on the window. My theory is that



he was attacking his own reflection, but I should not have thought that a bird would notice such a thing. If any of your readers could suggest a more plausible solution of the problem I should be most interested to hear it.—C. F. PEMBER.

CONDITIONING CIDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if any of your readers could give me any information as to the "conditioning" of cider. I have two thirty-six gallon casks of Warwickshire cider which has stood in the "wood" unremoved for eight years, and kept in a cool cellar. One was tapped some time ago, and the cider was found to be very "thin" to the palate, with considerable waning in flavour from the same cider of two or three years back. Is it possible to bring it back to its original sharp and natural condition? Does it require bottling?—CONTRIBUTOR.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to an expert on cider-making, whose reply is as follows: "I could not give a satisfactory opinion unless I tasted a sample of it. If the cider is in a flat, dead state, the addition of about half a pound of sugar to the gallon may cause a fresh fermentation, which, if the cider is the least inclined to be acid, would in all probability increase it, and most likely turn it into a quite undrinkable state. In my opinion the most probable solution would be to blend it with a more recent vintage of a rich or heavy and full of saccharine cider, which it could feed on, and so gain a new flavour and aroma. I would suggest that your correspondent forward a sample bottle of his cider, and then I would blend it with some other of our rich cider, and could then form an opinion."—E. C. FORD.]

BUTTERFLY USING ITS PROTECTIVE COLOURING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may interest your readers to hear of a case in which a butterfly made to all appearances a deliberate and thought-out use of its protective colouring to avoid detection—at least, all seems to point to a purposeful act. A friend of mine was watching a female orange-tip settling, towards evening, on a plant of white broom. He saw it settle, and then went up to look for it. The creature was so inconspicuous among the white and green mottlings of the small blossoms and green intervals that it was long before he could distinguish it. At length he found it, and after marking the place carefully, called his two sons from the house, told them there was an orange-tip on the broom, and asked them whether they could see it. Both were used to searching for butterflies, but neither could find the creature until he showed it to them. It is well

to be understood that the white and green mottlings of the orange-tip's under-wing must have been almost identical with the colouring of the broom blossoms and green foliage. It may, to be sure, have been by the merest accident that the butterfly chose this place for her night's rest (for she was there after sundown, with the evident intention of spending the night there), but it does look very much as if she had chosen the white and green ground with a knowledge that it rendered her virtually invisible to insectivorous birds.—H. G. H.

WEED CUTTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To the simple minded it may not be very apparent why the cutting of weeds in a river should be a matter to be done with delicacy and with forethought, and be an occasion of heart burning to many a dweller on the river banks. Yet this is the fact. That weeds should be cut is something like a necessity, and a fairly obvious necessity. In time they would be apt to choke the waterway altogether if they were left uncut. Now, supposing that you are a fisher, and have just marked down a steadily rising fish. You are crawling, in the position, and with all the wisdom, of the serpent, so as to take advantage of that patch of rushes, towards the point of the bank opposite those repeated circles that tell you of the rising trout. Now you have arrived exactly at the right place; you have got on the fly, let us say olive dun, that precisely represents the fly on the water at which the fish is rising, you have reeled off absolutely the correct length of line to allow the fly to land just above his nose and float down with irresistible fascination over him. All this is carefully prepared, and as you are on the point of making your cast a first fruits of the weed cutting higher up the river comes floating down over the fish's head, to be followed by successive batches of the same kind all the day through. The rest does not look pretty in print, but it would explain in clear and even forcible language why it is that weed cutting sometimes may be the occasion of heart burning. Further, it is to be remembered that weeds give trout necessary shelter, and that they are the home and the food of many of the creatures on which trout feed. Therefore again the zeal for weed cutting has to be tempered with a discretion. It is hard work, though on a hot day the river is pleasantly cool to paddle in; but it means hard work as well as muscle work, if it is to be done with propriety.—A. G.



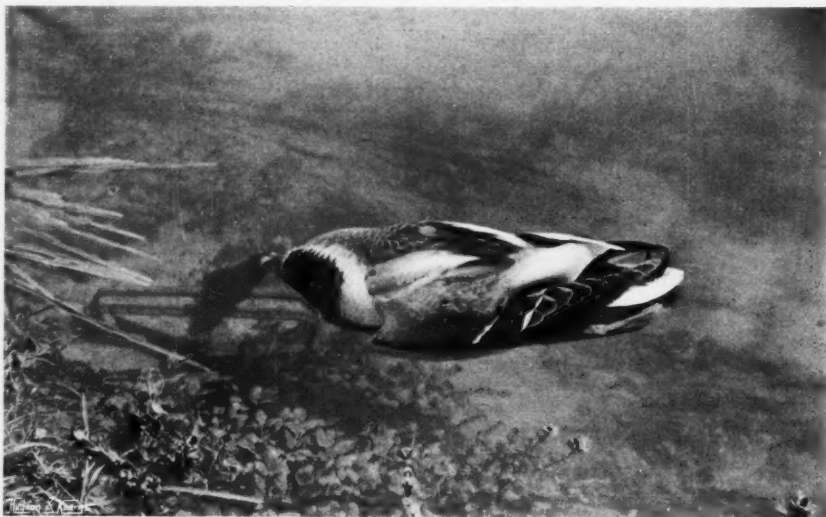
kingfishers. It seems even more inhuman to trap things that are so vividly bright and so small than a big squawking thing like a heron—a thing, too, that you had better approach with circumspection, and with a big stick, when you have him trapped, for if you are careless he is apt to dab you in the eye with that great bill of his, and if that happens you will not open your eye again. But the kingfishers are really worse for your trout than the herons, and probably their feelings are no more lively, although their plumage is.

The mallard is no friend to the trout either. If you want to try to make yourself "feel good" about this trapping business, you can tell yourself that you are being a good providence to the creatures that the trapped things would have eaten—that is, if you are the sort of person to whom such a consideration gives comfort.—F. D.

MALLARD CAUGHT IN HERON TRAP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—This is one of the hideous necessities. It was not necessary, of course, that a mallard should be caught in the trap. That was fate, or luck—bad luck for the mallard, or good luck for the man that will eat the mallard. It all depends on the point of view. The hideous necessity is the necessity of setting the trap at all. Undoubtedly it is a necessity—that is to say, if you are going to grant the first assumption that the protection of trout is a necessity. And that is an assumption that you must grant, for the thing happened on a stretch of river especially kept for trout breeding. The whole proposition is reduced to foolishness if you do not grant the necessity of keeping down the trout's enemies. But of course it is hideous. Fortunately on a stretch like this there are people often on the look-out, and the look-out is not greatly blocked by obstacles, so that a creature that is caught is soon noticed and released—put out of its pain for ever and a day. One of the most horrible necessities incidental to a trout hatchery is that of trapping the



THE DESERTED GRANGE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—When a house has once acquired such a name as this, it seems nearly impossible for it to avoid giving itself theatrical and melodramatic airs, for with a house, as with a dog, a bad name is almost a hanging matter. And this house has all the properties—the ivy covering, the gables, the "owl in the ivy bush"—nothing is lacking. Of course, it would not be in nature if people did not manufacture a ghost for it, when so much was done for them already. The ghost almost comes and gibbers of itself. You have bats and rats and owls, and if they are not enough to create the impression of ghosts in such a *milieu* as this, one is at a loss to know what are. The curious thing is that the house in the picture does not bear a bad name at all. To prove the rule you want some exceptions, and this would seem to be one of them. It is a bad name, in a sense—The Deserted Grange; it has all the evil suggestions that are mentioned. Yet none of the appropriate horror clings to it as it ought to cling. There are rats and bats and owls, but no one in this particular house has ever been at the very slight trouble and expense of manufacturing a ghost out of them. It is almost disappointing—so much good material wasted. The house is, on the whole, rather a cheerful-looking house, considering that it is deserted. Of course it is picturesque—a deserted grange could not fail to be that. There are persons of a certain age who like to visit it, in twos, by moonlight, to hear the owls hoot. The scene, with the moon hanging over the house, fosters all the poetical and sentimental feelings delightfully, so they say. But not one of them, nor any two of them, ever have come home with blanched cheeks saying they have seen a terrible thing in white, that clanked chains, approaching them till it vanished in thin air, which is very remarkable, considering the name of the house.—H. E.



